The Relief Society Magazine

August 1930

Vol. XVII No. 8

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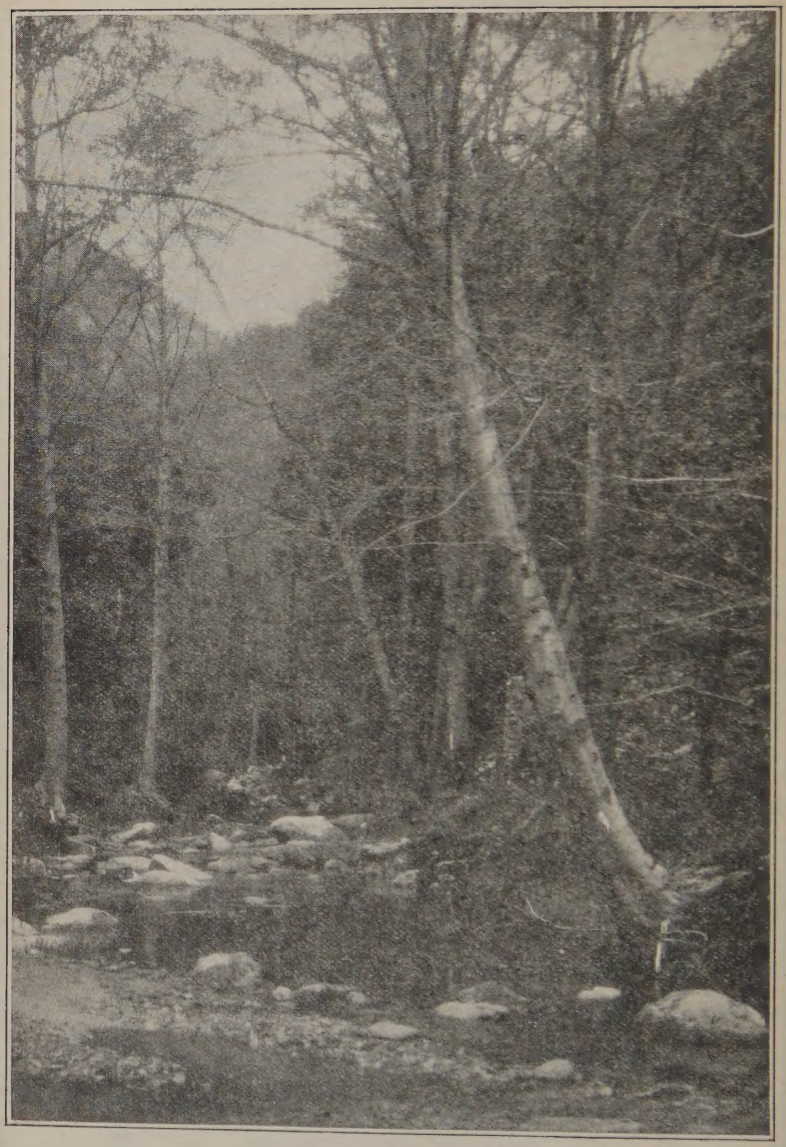

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SAN DIMAS VALLEY—AFTER THE THIEF WHO REPENTED ON THE CROSS

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVII AUGUST, 1930 No. 8

A Glimpse of Loveliness

By Glen Perrins

It was with a gasp of delight that I came upon picturesque San Dimas canyon in California. It is a glimpse of loveliness.

Nestled high in the Pomona valley, I sat down upon the grassy bank of the stream which I had been following. Alone with Nature in the out-of-doors! And in such a wonderland!

One glorious hour I spent in this spot, watching the lazy sunlight flicker through the tree tops, and listening to the murmuring of the water as it splashed against the rocks.

It was near here that the pioneer settler of Pomono valley first pastured his herds. His name, they told me afterward, was Ignacio Palomares. The Indians, however, so frequently made off with his cattle that the settler decided to quit the beauty spot and his hacienda nearby. He named the spot San Dimas after the thief who repented on the cross—because Palomares had himself repented choosing such a place as pasture-land.

One cannot, however, blame Palomares for picking just such a place. Who would not want to settle down in this beauty spot? My hour in San Dimas canyon was a contented, restful and refreshing one. I wager that Palomares came back after a time—just to feast upon the beauty of the place.

Art

By Annie Pike Greenwood

HARRIET BIRD laid her head on her hand on the table and wept silently. The sunlight fell passionlessly across the shabby brown cover on which Harriet's hands were clenched. It was a bitter, terrible moment for Harriet, a moment which epitomized the failure of her life. She had been born with the passion for writing, born reaching for a pencil. Dreams, dreams, dreams. All her life had been dreams. That is, all her inward life, and all her outward life had been the hardest kind of reality.

Harriet Bird had been born with a spirit as blithe as her name. Her father had insisted on taking his family of two boys and a girl and his wife to a forty-acre tract out in the sagebrush of Idaho. Fair acres they are in the future. Killing acres in the pioneer present. It required every moment of Harriet's time in labor, for her mother had been an invalid when they had come to the farm, and without any medical care so far from a doctor, she was even more helpless. The boys, too, one older, and one younger than Harriet, did not adapt themselves to the new life as Harriet did. There were many moments of rebellion on their part when they ignored the work to be done, allowing the burden to rest upon Harriet's shoulders. For there is one fact in life, if your shoulders are willing, there will be plenty of burdens thrust upon them by those more shiftless, and even heartless, than yourself.

Harriet milked the cow; Harriet raised a garden sufficient for the need of the family both summer and winter; Harriet cared for the house, for her mother, and for a large brood of chickens. Harriet pitched hay in case of necessity; took care of the irrigation if the men left the farm for Maryvale. And inside herself Harriet was a writer. She was a writer dying daily of the starvation which a born writer must know who is not permitted by fate to write. It is a suffering beyond the imagination of any but another writer so born.

The heat was terrible in the tar-paper shack in the summer, and the cold was almost impossible to bear in the winter with only sagebrush to burn. If the men neglected to get a load of brush in time, Harriet found of necessity that she must go out and do it herself. She learned to swing the axe with strength and desperation. She did not do it for her brothers and her father, against whom there smothered a resentment born of injustice, but all her nature yearned over the poor mother who had been forced to leave the comfortable city for a whim of her father to make his fortune by farming.

Harriet had a straight, fine look in her brown eyes between level brows. Her lips met too firmly for the lips of a young girl. They had not always met so. In her childhood they lay softly upon each other as she dreamed of that great future that would be hers when she should write the things she knew would lay within her power. She had no time to give attention to the heavy mass of rich brown hair that swung back from her high, broad forehead. Even neglect did not rob it of a wild, shining beauty.

Robert Emory and Henry Strange looked upon Harriet. Robert had some acres of his own, and Henry was farming in partnership with another man. Their farms lay on either side of the farm on which Harriet lived. Robert was quiet and careful. Harriet was too heavy-burdened to give him a thought. Henry could not be so ignored. He was vivid, flashing, full of song and life. One day when Harriet had been left alone on the farm with her mother, she was pitching hay for the evening feeding of the stock. Behind her, unnoticed, came Henry. He held back the arms which she had uplifted, making her drop the fork, and as she lifted an astonished gaze, Henry bent masterfully over her face and kissed her, smiling.

Infatuation is a queer thing. It is not a bad part of the education of a well-rounded being to have experienced it. The wise person will feel no shame regarding it when it is over. Nature demands reproduction at any cost. Pitiable the life that is wrecked by it. Harriet felt glow through her veins a warmth that would never come again. But there are other sweetnesses in life whose cost is not so devastating.

The work was not so difficult after that. All desire to write was lost in this new passion. Henry made a point of dropping around to inquire the proper way to treat a sick cow, or to get a loaf of Harriet's good bread. She never baked but with the thought of him in the back of her mind, allowing enough dough in the batch for an extra loaf. To her it was a period of delirious joy.

This was not lost on the grave Robert. He watched the progress of events. He, too, had a habit of dropping around Harriet's household. He spoke very little, watching her every movement, or else appearing not to notice her at all. Harriet's mother saw. As mother's will, her heart went out to Robert, and set up antagonism to Henry. There could not fail to result a kind of friction because of this condition.

"Yes, Mother," said Harriet, "I know that you think Robert is perfect, and I know why you do not care for Henry. Robert is always doing things for you. Well, let Robert do things for you, Mother. That is all right. But don't condemn Henry. It's not fair. If Robert liked me as much as Henry does, he would be doing things for me instead of for you. Robert is not a man who could ever care much for a woman."

But Henry—magnificently virile Henry—here was a man to care for a woman. Something sweeping, something surging, had come into Harriet's life. She did not need to write any more. She could not write. She was living too intensely in her emotions to be able to write. Poetry and prose are the outcome of emotion when the ebb begins, not at the peak of the tide. She would have something to write some day, would Harriet; now she could only live.

Flora Gerritt was a queer sort of person to come clear from Chicago to visit on her aunt Selina's eighty-acre pioneer farm. She was fluffy of clothes, fluffy of heart, and fluffy of soul. Fluffy women are a perpetual fascination to men. Generation after generation men waste their lives on fluffy women. Contrast probably accounts for this. Perhaps Nature wishes to perpetuate the fluffiness of human nature lest we grow too heavy in our outlook on life. But fluffiness is always the concomitant of pretty selfishness which a man in love is too blind to see.

THERE was one of the first dancing parties in one of the first real houses erected. It was necessary to remove the stove in order to make room for the young people and the old people—none over sixty—and the babies, plenty of babies. Robert, knowing that Harriet would go with Henry, slipped over to be with Harriet's mother. He also knew that Harriet's father and brothers were likely to leave the mother alone on the farm. Why not? Was she not in bed where no harm could befall her?

Robert had discovered that Harriet's mother still retained a love for Dickens, so somehow he had obtained *David Copperfield,* and on such evenings as this he sat beside her bed, reading to her, her quiet eyes which had accepted her hard life, resting upon his face as though drawing a strengthening comfort from it. She loved her boys. She was their mother. She no longer loved Harriet's father. She had never even confessed this to herself, but there was a sad, barren place in her heart which meant the discovery that she was married to a man whom she could not respect, a hard, selfish man. But for this Robert who had come so quietly into her life, with the steady eyes and tender touch, was a love which she could not define. She did not need to define it. God had sent a compensation in time of need, for much as Harriet loved her mother deep down in her heart, at this period of her life she was absorbed in her passion for Henry. Even the thought of her mother was made subordinate. Infatuation works so. True love never. But Harriet did not know this.

Henry came with his wagon for Harriet just as Robert appeared with his volume of *David Copperfield.* Robert scarcely smiled at Harriet, looking her gravely, seachingly, in the face. It struck her suddenly, and oddly, that she did not know him at all. A faint curiosity as to what lay back of his eyes crossed her mind. But this was soon dispelled by the pressure of Henry's hand on her arm as he led her to the wagon. He could drive the steady work horses with one hand, and one of his arms was around Harriet. How happy was that journey through the summer night, the stars shining down upon them! There was enough chill in the Idaho air to require the jacket she was wearing, and Henry's arm added a thrilling warmth. He sang some popular air as he drove the horses, and Harriet could think of nothing in the world to trouble her.

So she entered the house of the party, and she caught with fearful premonition the look which came into Henry's eyes as his gaze lighted upon the fluffy Flora Gerritt in a fluffy white dress. Of course Flora was surrounded by the youths from the farms. And she showed a charming unconcern of their worshipping attitudes. The other girls were grouped in giggling twos and threes, pretending indifference to the little lady who was absorbing all the attention. With characteristic directness, Henry pushed aside the adorers and appropriated Flora. Occasionally, and quite absently, he returned to dance with Harriet to the tune of a wheezing accordion which had been brought to farm life by its devoted master. And thus Harriet's world was blotted into blackness as a coin can shut out the light of the sun.

When the party broke up there was some discussion as to who was to take Flora to her aunt's. What provision had been made Harriet would never know. Flora was very

clever at maneuvering. The outcome was that Flora had her place between Harriet and Henry on the wagon seat, and that Henry drove first to Harriet's farm, leaving her there without the usual goodnight kiss and embrace, and continued on his way to return the fascinating Flora to her aunt. Harriet could not forbear to cast one stricken glance backward at them as they passed, and was rewarded by seeing Flora's head resting upon Henry's shoulder, and the very arm that had been pressed about her so fondly going to the party, now pressed just as fondly around Flora Gerrit. Harriet could not go into the house at once. She stood on the doorstep trying to grip herself together. Robert, wondering at the pause after the sound of the retreating wagon wheels, opened the door suddenly and was surprised at the look of suffering on her face. Robert was not a man from whom you could hide anything. He was quietly glad that this thing had come to Harriet before instead of after. He had long known Henry. He was the only person who had really seen to the bottom of Henry. He had done it without malice or jealousy, and with no desire to interfere in Harriet's fate. Robert was possessed of that greatest strength that forbears to meddle in the life of another.

He simply looked into her face with a full glance, holding the door open for her entrance without a word. She had just strength enough to cross the sill and get to a chair. He left mercifully as soon as she was seated. But looking backward, he saw through the window the prostration of her figure, the tears that dropped from her wide eyes. He had seen his beloved father killed in an accident in the city of Detroit—a car driven by a careless hand. He had seen his mother die a long-drawn, agonized death. He stood watching Harriet, forgetful of self, suffering with her.

The thought came to him that she would be more hurt if she knew he were watching. He turned and walked to his shack with bowed head.

EVERYBODY watched the progress of Henry's affair with Flora. They also watched the unsatisfied Flora attempt to draw the grave Robert into her toils. Everybody prophesied over the cook stoves, or in the hayfield, that Flora would get him. But sometimes calculations fail. Flora turned from blanishments to tears and from tears to rage. She walked the two miles from her aunt's home to the shack which housed Robert, surprising him at supper. He invited her in, gave her a seat, and fried some more eggs and bacon. He was neither flustered nor flattered by her appearance. When she took his hand, resting her pretty white fingers in his, he left them there, and when she decided to go home, he hitched his horses to the wagon and took her there. He made no objection to the fluffy head on his shoulder, and placed his arm around her at her request. And when she put up her lips to be kissed, he answered with the desired gesture. On the way back to his shack he smiled to himself. But it was not the smile of a lover.

Thus began the wooing of Robert by Flora, and the bitter rage of Henry. He could not vent his spleen on Robert, for it was so obviously an affair engineered by Flora, but Flora was forced to meet his invectives alternated with his endearments. Henry no longer sang buoyantly under the star-shine. He

no longer laughed his hearty laugh while pitching hay. He had become morose. And he had totally forgotten Harriet.

At first Harriet was too stricken to know what to do. Then one day Robert remarked to her the failing of her mother. If she should lose her mother—this would be too much to bear. She felt that terrible, lonely feeling which follows a love unreciprocated, even when waiting devotedly upon her mother with the remorse for the neglect which Henry had occasioned. A sigh of relief would burst from her lips at sound of Robert's step. But she did not love him.

ONCE only, in one of their first meetings, had Harriet revealed to Robert her passion for writing. But he had not forgotten. He came one day with a woman's magazine, a heavy pencil line drawn around the announcement of a prize for the best novel on any subject. Harriet's sick heart bounded. Here was a way out. She would win the prize. She would lift her mother out of this hard life. She would somehow begin again herself.

She wrote a story of life, but of life triumphant, not of life defeated. There had come into being these latter days a cult of the morbid which is called being true to life. It is true to the defeat of life. It has no power to lift life higher than before. It has only power to drag backward. It is called Art. In a passion of rebellion Harriet resolved never to create a thing which did not end in a triumph of some sort, either to the heart or to the soul. So she wrote. And the healing of her life began as she wrote.

Robert watched the change taking place in her, reading Dickens to her mother as Harriet wrote in the next room. Flora did her disconsolate best to lure him away, even coming to Harriet's shack to chatter and laugh when she found that Robert had a frequent mission there. She was not discouraged by Harriet's cold indifference. She was not coming to see Harriet. She always waited for Robert to take her home.

Harriet watched, at first with indifference, and then, when she felt a resentment against Flora's attempt at conquest, she resolutely suppressed any growing interest in Robert. Once was enough to suffer. She was feeling her disappointment still under all that she wrote. Then, with high hope, she sent the manuscript on its way—and waited.

TO wait is one of the hardest things that mankind must endure. But the waiting had its ending. Harriet wept silent tears on her clenched fists which rested against the shabby brown cloth covering the table. Robert came in without knocking, very quietly, picking up the open manuscript, and letting his eyes rest upon it. Harriet gave a start, and hid her face again. What did it matter? Robert held the manuscript, but was not reading, although his eyes rested upon it.

Suddenly Harriet looked up with a smile of scorn, cheeks wet from her tears. "Why are you holding it? It is not true to life. It is not art. It has a happy ending."

"Then it is mine," he said, placing it, as he spoke, on the table. "Harriet," he said, "don't you know that art is always happy? Not happy in process, but happy in result. Life must have a happy ending. There must be triumph of heart or soul. Preferably soul. Harriet, the day is coming when you will write great things. You are living now."

Harriet looked at him with eyes

awake for the first time. "Flora?" she murmured, not knowing that she spoke.

"No," he smiled into her eyes, "even life has art, just as books must have art to live, and it is the same art, Harriet. It is keeping steadily on, and out of pain to bring the happy ending."

Robert looked into her eyes and she looked into his.

"Are you ready to bring your mother over to my place to live?"

Harriet could only look into his eyes.

"For weeks I have been getting ready for the happy ending, Harriet. I was not sure. No one can be sure. True art is in preparing for the happy ending. True art is in bringing some sort of triumph out of pain. I know, Harriet."

"O Robert! I trust you so!"

She laid both her hands in his.

He who had always been so grave smiled into her lifted eyes. "Now you can write, Harriet. You have learned the lesson."

NATURE IN THE RAW

As beautiful as it is treacherous is the Snake River near Idaho Falls. Here is found Nature in the raw, jagged cliffs having been cut from the canyon by the rapid current of the Snake River which winds around and around in this territory.—*Glen Perrins.*

Myrella

By the Late Josephine Spencer

WHEN Macy knew that the stenographer who was to take young Evans' place was a girl, he entered the first protest he had ever initiated against his partner's plans.

"It's no place for a girl, Dartley—the work's too technical. She'd probably be weeks learning our mining phases, and we'd have to stand for the inconvenience while she was coaching. Besides—"

Dartley interrupted him with the reminder that Evans had taken care of the mining technicalities without special training, but the argument, from Macy's point of view, was puerile.

"Boys can pick up those things—by instinct. But a girl—"

The broken sentence was a sufficient climax to Macy; and his partner knew it would be useless to base his argument upon the mere fact of competency. Macy's real objection lay in his aversion to feminine society—a foible forced upon his notice by Macy's untactful evasion of social attentions forced upon him during his stay with them in Chicago, and which had aroused the ire, not only of Dartley's wife, who had gone out of her way to lionize the big, handsome but unsocial blonde, who was her husband's friend and business associate, but also to certain others of her own sex, to whom Macy's indifference had given subtle affront.

WHEN the vein was struck that proclaimed the Bluebird a bonanza, Dartley knew that the eagerness with which Macy accepted the chance of burying himself in the little mining town near their claim, was due to the opportunity it afforded him to escape from social obligations entailed by his presence in the city.

Some story of a disastrous love affair in Macy's remote past had been hinted in explanation of his obstinate repellance of feminine society, but the tale seemed too trite for credence, and Dartley had decided that it was due, rather, to a sort of natural shyness resulting from his long stay in spots remote from civilization where he had spent years in seeking the fortune which came to him at last through an insignificant mining claim in his neglected West.

IN the year since his return, Dartley had tried with philanthropic energy to reform Macy's "retiring disposition"—but in vain.

Seeing him stubbornly serious in regard to the present question, Dartley was obliged to take him into his confidences as to the story whose claim had won his own personal pledge to the "girl's" interests.

It was dramatic enough, as Dartley preluded, to be used on the stage.

Its tableaux, sandwiched between commonplace but harrowing details, were: the father's financial failure, followed by the mother's death; the collapse of the husband into an illness where expense ate up the small financial resource which remained to him from his reverses; and finally the man's desperate resort to a penal crime to protect the child from threatened actual want. Trial and imprisonment under an alias—for the child's sake—followed; and the latter, adopted by the widow of her

father's former business partner, grew towards womanhood believing her father dead. A year since, her guardian had died, depriving Myrella not only of protection, but support; and the girl, thrown on her own resources, had taken up the problem of livelihood—its present outlook hinging on the position at the Bluebird. These were the salient points in the girl's history; and sequalled, as they were, by the personal interest of Dartley's wife in her case, cut the ground from beneath the two feet which Macy had obstinately planted upon his friend's proposition. Dartley knew, from the first, that he had a court of final appeal against Macy's stubbornness in his friend's acute sensitiveness to human suffering; and the result of his story justified the faith he had placed in its influence.

Macy yielded, however, with a bad grace, which manifested itself in alternate spells of gloomy silence and splenetic sarcasm up to the time of Myrella's arrival; and his cold reception of that harmless person when she at last arrived, filled Dartley's mind with misgivings, as he considered her future in the view of his friend's belligerent attitude.

MACY left the dictation of correspondence unreservedly to Dartley, during the latter's stay at the Bluebird, and it was when he went away, and the work fell under Macy's reluctant supervision, that Myrella's trials began.

A week's experience of her employer's rapid dictation and raspingly authoritative manner reduced her to a condition bordering upon nervous prostration; and the note-taking and transcribing which went smoothly enough before Dartley's departure, began to take on a problematic aspect when Macy's impatient presence was behind her chair.

She sat up far into the night, reading books of mining reference to accustom herself to technical terms, and spent portions of her earnings in hiring the landlady's daughter, Mabel, to read passages in staccato time, in the faith that practice would enable her to solve the problem of her unusual slackness in her work. The pencil that flew to Mabel's swift, but mild enunciation, lagged hopelessly before Macy's impatient tone and eye; and the phrases she had mastered seemed, in the few short hours between night and office-time, to have resolved themselves into a dead language, when she essayed to read her notes under Macy's critical vision.

"It's funny you should get so thin, up here," the landlady said one day, some three weeks after Myrella's arrival. "The mountain air fleshes most people up; but it seems to me you look paler than when you came. It must be you work too hard."

"Oh, it isn't the work," said Myrella. "I guess its the—the—altitude." She turned away, but not before Mrs. Lane saw that tears filled the blue eyes—and a pathetic quiver lurked about the pale lips.

It all came to a climax one day when Macy was in a particularly aggressive mood. Rumors of an impending strike were about, and it was taking all the diplomacy he possessed to avert what, at this juncture, would mean a disastrous situation. The absence of anyone who might help bear the brunt of the anxiety, deepened Macy's sense of grievance, as he entered the rear office, and saw Myrella's slight figure shrink nervously, as was evident, at his approach. It would have been different, Macy thought, if Evans were there. He had taken an intelligent interest in the affairs of the

company, and could comprehend the amount of anxiety involved in the threatened complications.

Myrella's pen rolled across the table, as he sat down near her desk to dictate; and he waited, with a frown on his face, while she reached for it, and laid her notebook ready for his dictation.

Anxiety, impatience, a little spleen at his partner's easy reception of the news he had telegraphed, all made his mood and manner irritable; and presently when he asked her to "read back" for his benefit a sentence upon whose careful wording much would depend, her notes refused absolutely to interpret themselves to her nervous scrutiny.

"Didn't you take the sentence?" Macy asked, sharply, at last.

"Yes, sir. I—I am trying to find it."

Macy waited frowningly while she went down the lines of hyeroglyphics—as unanswering to her now as if her shorthand training had been an episode in some forgotten incarnation.

"Have you found it?" asked Macy in ugly tones.

"No, sir."

"Go back to the beginning and read down to it, aloud." Myrella obeyed. She read the first few lines—haltingly, by an effort of pure memory—then came to a full stop.

"Well?" said Macy, ominously.

Myrella's face was pale, and her eyes, fixed unseeingly on the lines and curves and dots, were swimming with tears.

"Can't you read your notes?" thundered Macy.

"I think—if you would let me be by myself a moment," faltered Myrella desperately, "I could—"

"I can't afford to take a holiday while you teach yourself stenography," Macy interrupted. "This letter's important; it has to be gotten off this morning."

He knew beforehand that it was brutal, and believed it warranted by his grievance; but he had been far from counting upon the outcome of his impatience.

He commenced to suggest that she should take the dictation again in longhand—when it happened.

He had never heard any woman cry before and the mildest phase of feminine grief would have sufficed to overwhelm him; but the sobs which shook the slight figure leaning on the desk in its absolute abandon of grief did more than embarrass, they frightened him.

It was to Myrella a culmination of days of nervous tension and anxious fear, of sleepless nights filled with thoughts of an ominously brooding future in which she should find herself turned adrift, probably with the verdict of "incompetent" to bear as a record for future reference.

Macy, in his man's blindness and long-nursed prejudices, had sensed nothing of it, till her broken sentences, gasped between heart-drawn sobs made him realize all.

"I—I'm so dull—I've tried hard, but it don't seem any good. I see —I can't go on. I guess I'm too stupid to learn it. I—I'll have to go away."

She broke again into a paroxysm of sobs, while Macy looked on helplessly. Go away—why, where would she go? The story Dartley had told him came back vividly for the first time since he had heard it. He rose and stood with his hand awkwardly upon her chairback. "I—you mustn't give way like this, Miss Conroy. It won't do to get discouraged. You'll get along all right when you get used to it. And as for going away, I hope you won't think

of such a thing. It's out of the question."

Myrella shook her heard hopelessly. "It wouldn't be right to stay when I know I don't suit you."

Macy winced. It was distinctly true that she did not suit him; but he had begun to feel guiltily conscious that the fault lay chiefly with himself. He stood miserably silent for a moment.

"Your work is all right, Miss Conroy," he stammered presently. "I—the fact is, I've been under somewhat of a strain for several days, and I've been a little trying, I guess. But you mustn't notice it—like this—nor let it discourage you. As for going away, please don't speak of it again. I couldn't spare you just now—." He floundered miserably in his effort to frame something that should straighten matters out—and the pitifully joyful face Myrella turned towards him, deepened his sense of contrition.

"If you think I really could go on," she said, "I would practice more, and perhaps—"

"Not a doubt of your doing all right," broke in Macy eagerly—and then a knock at the outer door put an end to the situation. "I'll leave the letter until this afternoon," he said; "it will do if you can get it out by the time I come back from lunch"—and then turned hastily to greet, with startling effusiveness, the messenger who had brought word that he was summoned to a meeting of bank directors in the town.

WHEN he returned an hour later to find the letter transcribed in neat form, correct even to the precise placing of his particles, his sense of culpability was deepened to an extent which elicited another awkward apology when she returned from lunch for his part in the morning's unpleasantness. His dread of a similar experience made him nervously self-conscious and careful when dictating to her after that, and any hint of hesitation on the part of Myrella to interpret the symbols she had penned, called forth a humorously eager assurance from him as to the inconsequence of a literal translation, as well as the extravagant amount of time at her disposal for the work.

The tension, during the first week after Myrella's impromptu scene, made him choose to sit up often, late at night, inditing by hand the longer letters he was obliged to send, rather than endure it; but Myrella improved so rapidly and palpably under his changed manner, that it was not long before the sense of strain wore off; and he could approach her desk with an ease that would have surprised anyone acquainted with his peculiarities.

After a time he began to be aware that many things could be entrusted to her intelligence, without going into detail; but the fact of her capability did not keep him from spending much of his time dictating, since he had begun to realize a sort of pleasure in watching the small hand flitting down the page, as he talked his letters.

AT last, when Myrella was kept at home for a week with the sprained ankle she had gotten climbing the hill for wild flowers, with Mabel, he became conscious of such a sense of void that he called at the boarding house two or three times, ostensibly to find out when she would be ready for work, but really, because the sight of the little figure in the rear office had begun to assume the aspect of necessity.

When she was at last convalescent, he took her to and from the

office in his buggy, and often, after work hours, the ride home was lengthened; and on Sundays it became a habit to drive Myrella and Mabel on little excursions into the near canyons, where, while she and Mabel sat in the cool shade near the stream, he climbed the hill-side, and showered the spoils of his difficult pilgrimages into Myrella's lap, content with the smile she bestowed upon him for his unaccustomed gallantry.

THE fact that the town had noted and commented upon these attentions, was first intimated to him by his partner, who, taking hint from Macy's curt letters, had come out to help straighten the complications in the affairs of the Bluebird.

"It seems the whole town is next to the fact that the stenographer is playing the 'winning wiles' business with deadly effect on you, Macy," said Dartley one evening after Myrella had passed through the outer office on her way home.

Macy met his friend's chaffing with unaccustomed nochalance. "It would be more to the purpose if it kept next to its own affairs," he said, smiling.

"Oh, they don't seem to blame you. It seems it was a foregone conclusion that she would make a dead set at you. They look on it as a sort of wolf and lamb affair."

Macy muttered something under his breath. "I look like a fleece-lamb, don't I?" he asked savagly. "It never occurred to them, I suppose, that a fellow might consider himself in luck, if, by any interposition of Providence, a girl like that might be made to care for him. If she will give me the right, I will gag these malicious bleaters with their own balls of yarn."

"You don't mean to say it's as serious as that?" interrupted Dartley in a startled tone."

"It's as serious as that," said Macy, briefly, "if it's serious at all."

"Why, great heaven, Milt! You can't mean it! It would mean social suicide. Her father's term is nearly out—and you can see what it would mean." A slight sound in the rear office interrupted Macy's reply, and he went hastily to the door to look inside. There was no one there, and by the time he had turned the key and returned to Dartley, Larkin, the superintendent of the Bluebird had come in, and the conversation was not renewed. The next morning Mabel brought word that Myrella was not well enough to work; and Mabel, who had been profiting by the latter's private lessons, was installed in her place for the day.

THE news Larkin had brought the night before was serious enough to keep Macy busy all that day, so that he could not call at Myrella's boarding house, as he intended; and the letter of farewell which came to him next morning found him so bound with the Bluebird troubles that he was helpless to take steps to detain her. During the remainder of the week, the strike, which by this time was in full bloom, kept him even from the comfort of ascertaining her whereabouts, that he might reply to her note.

The latter was a ceaseless undercurrent in his thoughts throughout the period of the trouble; and his heart ached for the hopelessness dimly shown in Myrella's frank explanation of her departure.

She had returned for the letters Macy had asked her to post—entering by the rear door in order not to intrude upon the conversation of

the two in the front office, and catching the full drift of Dartley's remarks. She had told no one where she was going, but Macy found out at the railway office that she had bought a ticket to San Francisco; and it was only after the Bluebird's troubles were effectually disposed of that he could follow up this clue.

The personals he inserted in the newspapers brought no reply; and the one other means which he resolved to employ to find her seemed so visionary that had it not been his last hope, he would never have considered it.

As it was, the end of two weeks found him installed in a suite of offices rented in a business block on Kearney Street, waiting the outcome of his advertisement for a stenographer, which occupied a three-line space in each of the San Francisco dailies. He engaged the first applicant, a fresh-mannered youth of nineteen years, and set him at work copying mining records in the rear of one of the three rooms, safely beyond hearing of the outer office.

He was not prepared for the number of applicants that appeared, and it was not until he saw the abject disappointment pictured in the faces of some of them at the information that the place was taken, that he began to realize the doubtful fairness of his undertaking.

After thinking it over, he hit upon the scheme of asking the more seedy and hopeless looking applicants for their addresses on the plea of sending for them in case the present incumbent should not suit; and these persons were dumb-founded later, at receiving a remittance, which Macy sent anonymously, as a return for the trouble they had taken at his behest.

He spent the first day of his amateur detectiveship in nervous watchfulness. Every step that sounded in the hall made his heartbeats quicken; and he could hardly control an impulse to rush to the door, before the usual rap sounded. He spent a week experimenting with his scheme; and two more roaming the crowded streets in the wild hope of catching sight of her; then put his little data into the hands of a detective, and went back to the Bluebird.

A short time afterward he learned that Myrella's father had been released from his long durance, and was believed to have joined his daughter in California—though the strictest search had failed to discover their whereabouts.

Bluebird, in its winter dreariness proved too much for Macy's depressed spirits—overwhelming him finally into deciding to spend the season in San Francisco, where he would have at least the sight and sound of the city's stir to alleviate his loneliness.

A week's time effected the realization that no visual nor aural cheer would affect the void of Myrella's absence.

He had no intimate friends, and few acquaintances in the place, and left the hotel one evening in a vain attempt to assuage his growing sense of loneliness by a sight of the city's bravery.

The business streets were cheery with glittering lights and gorgeous window dressing; and throngs crowded the sidewalks, smiling, eager, jostling each other with good-natured unconcern. The sight of them, with their arms loaded with bundles—carrying their suggestions of hearthstones and home-ties, brought an unusual tightening to his heartstrings, and after pushing his way along the principal thoroughfares for a time, he found it a relief

to turn into the quieter streets. His aloofness from the aims and feelings of the happy, animated crowd made him feel even more alien.

HE had spent months before in strange cities, when their loneliness had brought not a tithe of the sensitiveness he felt now; and he knew that the unusual stress was due to the vivid dream he had lately pictured of a new life, which was to have brought to him the blessed gifts of love and home ties. It made him doubly bitter, as he thought of the ill-chance that had taken from him a cup of happiness that seemed at his very lips.

The case seemed hopeless, now, with every clue destroyed; and Myrella's own determination to avoid him hung in the balance of odds.

LUCKY Milton Macy!" the newspaper had called him in the personal that had heralded his arrival, telling of the good fortune that had made a millionaire of the needy civil engineer in the space of a year. Lucky! As if anything counted now in life, if he were to see no more the blue eyes that had shed the first warm rays of actual happiness into his life. He had grown more morose as he walked on, thinking it over, and turned, with an impatient scowl, as some one jostled against him, suddenly, on the narrow sidewalk.

It was a man carrying a parcel on his arm; and though Macy had moved aside, he did not pass, but continued to walk closely at his side.

There were people passing on the sidewalk, but not enough to excuse the man's keeping at his elbow; and Macy had just concluded that the individual had indulged in a strong form of liquid cheer, when the man, turning suddenly towards him, spoke:

"Do you see this parcel across my arm?" he said in a confidential tone, such as a friend might have used in discussing the city's sights, or any other common theme. "It is a pistol, and my hand is on the trigger. If you cry out or attempt to move away from me, I will kill you. Go on!" he hissed, as Macy half halted. "I am on the verge of hell, and if you do not save me, you shall die with me as surely as I am telling you this."

He turned his haggard face and burning eyes full upon Macy as he spoke, and the latter, with a vague idea that lunacy was pictured in them, and the certain one that, however it might be, the man was in a deadly mood, walked on beside him.

Instinctively he glanced at the parcel the man carried. It lay across the arm nearest him, and through the broken edges of the paper he saw the end of a pistol, with the muzzle pointed within six inches of his heart. Macy glanced around. The street, though quiet, was far from being deserted, and Macy knew that he had but to cry out to bring a half dozen to his assistance; but before they would be able to realize sufficiently to reach and aid him, the man would have ample time to send a bullet through his heart. To attempt to grapple with him seemed equally hazardous, as his assailant had evidently counted all costs, and would act upon the turn of a finger.

Walking leisurely along with his head turned in seeming carelessness toward Macy, the man was watching him as alertly and cautiously as a cat. Despite the seeming absurdity and hazard of the situation, the stranger, so far, had the upper

hand; and Macy found himself conscious of a half curious interest and zest in the adventure. While he was undoubtedly at a disadvantage himself, yet, he was so far, not more so than the other, as any attempt to carry out a violent robbery in the sight of the passers-by would, by calling their attention to his desperate purpose, frustrate his own ends. The problem was, what scheme had he resolved upon to carry out his ends? The man did not leave him long in doubt.

"I will give you instructions as to what I wish you to do?" he said, "and you will carry them out, without giving me trouble, or suffer what I have threatened. I will tell you once more not to delude yourself with the thought that I don't mean to carry out my purpose. I have been planning this long enough to count all the odds and the costs of failure; and that I have attempted this act in the face of them, should convince you that I will make you suffer first, if the end is to be failure."

"You have been planning this," repeated Macy. "That means, then, that you know me?"

"Your arrival was heralded in the newspapers," said the man. "You millionaires get great headlines, and I have been watching you ever since for this chance. I selected you, chiefly, because you have no family to suffer your loss in case you make things bad for yourself; and secondly, because your being a stranger made it possible to find you sometime off guard, as I have tonight. When you left your hotel this evening I was behind you; and I have been at your elbow ever since."

"What do you propose doing?" asked Macy with increased curiosity.

"I am going to take what money you have with you, and if it is not sufficient for my needs, I shall exact a pledge from you to supply me with more."

Macy smiled. Lunacy, without a shadow of a doubt, was responsible for the adventure.

"Don't think that I am insane, or joking," said the other, as if reading his thoughts. "I imply, simply, that I am going to try the experiment of taking your word, if you give it, and if you fail to keep it, to show you that I can keep mine. Turn here," he said, as they reached the corner; "turn and go north until I tell you to stop." Macy obeyed. He was in fact experiencing a certain kind of enjoyment in the adventure. It offered a change at least from the lonely room at the hotel to which he dreaded to return, and the worse loneliness of the crowded streets, which he had been glad to shun.

As they walked on, the man talked, cool and threateningly at first, but gradually falling into a nervously desperate tone, in which Macy fancied he could detect a note of sincere misery.

The story into whose recital he had gradually drifted, was a trite one, of poverty in its direst straits; of want that had driven him to crime—of new hope and energy and moral determination that had upheld him after the long prison term had ended, and of the bitter struggle whose vainness had brought him once more into the shadow of sin.

Macy listened carelessly at first, classing it as the old, unoriginal instinct which prompts the criminal, natural or otherwise, to attempt to palliate his sins in others' eyes, but as he went on there was something personally familiar in the ring of the story, that made Macy's heart beat with a wild hope.

When he had at last finished,

Macy spoke quietly, with an effort keeping the eagerness out of his tone.

"What you have told me sounds well enough. If it is true, you might certainly stand free from condemnation for this, or any other means you might use, save murder, of alleviating such suffering. I need not tell you, though, how completely used up your material is; the starving wife, the sick child, and all the rest of the business you have put into your story.

"Wait," he went on, as the man was about to interrupt bitterly, "wait. I have not said that I do not believe it. I simply suggest to your intelligence that in order to be able to fully believe, I should have some more positive proof of its truth than your word. Now, I am going to give you a chance. If you can produce the fireless home, the sick and starving child as per your assertions, I pledge you that from tonight, if you do not have an opportunity to make a man of yourself, it will be your own fault."

The man gave a half sob. "You want to see it with your own eyes," he said. "Well, you shall, come."

Macy did not know how far, nor hardly in what direction they went, before his companion told him to stop. He had seen the lights of the city thinning gradually out to the suburbs, and heard the waters of the bay lapping the lonely beach shores whose edge they neared, without a sense of fear, and hardly of misgiving. Since the man's involuntary display of conscience, he had a sense of absolute security, as far as personal violence was concerned; and as to robbery, the worst the man might do, could not matter, materially, in view of his great wealth.

It was with absolute fearlessness that he stopped before the lonely hovel, at whose door the other paused.

His companion led the way into a barely furnished room, and paused a moment, listening. Then he stepped noiselessly to a door opening into an inner room, and beckoned Macy to approach. With his heart beating a sledge-hammer tattoo of hope and fear, Macy obeyed and looked beyond him into the room. Lying upon a lounge, the pallor and thinness of her features emphasized by the dark coverlet in which she was wrapped, was Myrella; a shadow of the bright-faced creature he remembered in those last happy weeks at the Bluebird, and yet—Myrella!

He stepped past his companion into the room, and the next moment her blue eyes opened under his gaze.

The account chronicled a few days later by the newspapers of the wedding of "Millionaire Macy" and Myrella, was supplemented with the reporter's imaginary story of Mr. John Conroy, the bride's father, who, it stated, had just returned from a seven year's stay at Kimberly, where he had amassed a fortune, to find a daughter whom he had mourned as dead, restored to him through a chance meeting with her affianced husband on the eve of their marriage. Mr. Conroy, they stated in conclusion, had purchased an interest in the famous Bluebird mine, and would take local charge of its affairs while the bridal couple made a tour through Europe.

This story published at random, upon tangled threads of facts, was not denied; and through the connivance of the few who knew all, so stood for all time.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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EDITORIAL

ENGLISH WOMEN ONCE MORE

NOT a great many years ago, two English women, twins, living in Cambridge, England, became widows. They were childless but not penniless. Wishing to spend their time in some useful way, they began studying the Syriac language. After they had mastered it sufficiently to be able to translate it, they went into Syria and there found a copy of the New Testament in Syriac. This discovery has resulted in a real contribution to the sum total of knowledge regarding the Old Testament and Old Testament manuscripts.

In 1925, the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon burned to the ground. Plans for a new building were called for. Several were submitted by English architects living in various parts of England, but the one accepted was the work of a young English woman in her early twenties.

Now, an English girl, Amy Johnson by name, makes a flight from the British Isles to Australia, and is very deservedly spoken of as the "lady Lindy." She was accorded an enthusiastic reception on her landing, and at once received a telegram from His Majesty, the King, assuring her of the honor she had brought to herself and to her nation.

WELL informed people have generally been impressed with the initiative and energy of English women. Their achievements of recent date put them in a class with the most progressive of women, at a time when women are noted for their progress.

The American Mother-Heart

By George H. Brimhall

THE beacon light held high by the Goddess of Liberty says welcome! The flutter of our starry banner whispers safety; and the flight-poise of the eagle proclaims purpose. We have written on the monumental page of our history, in bronze and stone, "Millions for defense; for tribute, not a cent." The map of our territorial expansion tells the story of how internal attractions produce external acquisition. A glance at the balance sheet reveals the fact that in our treasury vaults is garnered the gold of the world. We glory in our greatness, the achievements of men. But what of our goodness, the complement of greatness?

High in the background of our prosperity, close to God, is a something that has pushed us into the position of moral leadership. That sacred something is the American mother-heart. The heart that has throbbed for us with drumbeat cheer in our early struggles to be free; the heart that beats in unison with the heart of Washington in putting down a whiskey rebellion; a heart with pulsations, seen in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and heard in the "Battle Hymn of the Republic;" the heart that won the bloodless battle for the freedom of franchise for the better half of our country's citizenry; the heart that has put the weight of our fundamental law upon the heel created to crush the serpent's head; the heart that has dared to "do what is right, let the consequences follow."

The American mother-heart has gained strength with the years; once its throbs were scarcely audible beyond the portal of the home, now they are heard in Congressional Halls; once its beatings were petitions, only, now they are demands. Undaunted by the threats of the thirsty the American mother-heart will never beat to a moral retreat.

Another Word of Congratulation

AT the first annual meeting of the Western Branch of the American Public Health Association, held in Salt Lake City from June 12 to 14, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, representing the Relief Society, opened the discussion of a paper by Mrs. Sally Lucas Jean on "The Advance of Health Education." Mrs. Lyman presented her discussion in a clear and forceful manner, as is her wont, accompanied with that enthusiasm so characteristic of her whenever she allies herself with any movement.

That she did the organization and herself proud is evidenced by the fact that she was elected a member of the Regional Board of the Western Branch of the American Public Health Association. We congratulate the cause of public health, as also Mrs. Lyman, on her election.

WE are exceedingly happy to be able to felicitate so goodly a number of women of our own group during the last few months. We have taken occasion several times recently to remind our readers that our women are being sought for outstanding positions and special work of one sort and another.

A little while ago we drew attention to the part Bertha A. Kleinman played in the writing of the pageant, "The Message of the Ages." Coupled with a good writer, good readers are always necessary to bring their work to fullest fruition. Consequently, we wish to express our appreciation for the reading of the pageant done by Miss Maud May Babcock, Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart, and Mrs. Algie Eggertsen Ballif. We were pleased to have women to match the masterful work of the men.

We have drawn attention to the fact that two of our women have recently been honored by official recognition in well known national organizations; and now we take occasion to congratulate Mrs. Margaret P. Maw, for two terms president of the Utah Federation of Women's Clubs, who, a short time ago, was elected president of the Western Division of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Welfare Worker of Germany Visits Salt Lake

DURING early June we had as visitors in our city Mr. and Mrs. Ulich. They came to us from Dresden, Germany. Mr. Ulich is a professor in the University of Leipsic, as also a member of the educational ministry of Germany, while Mrs. Ulich is interested in welfare work.

One thing in relation to this interesting couple that will appeal to Latter-day Saints is that they do not themselves use liquor, tobacco, tea or coffee, and they are officially connected with an organization that is fostering this mode of life among the people of Germany. Many thousands in their country have pledged themselves not to use liquor, tobacco, tea or coffee.

Apart from this Mrs. Ulich, who is of Swedish extraction, is interested in promoting some very vital social work. She says despite all their efforts to avert it, 125,000 soldiers, prisoners of the central forces, starved to death during the World War in Siberia. Now, she is interested in a kindergarten in Dresden that is helping many of the children who were deprived of their fathers during the war. After these many years, some of the fathers are returning to their families, but they seem strange to the children, and this estrangement the fathers feel keenly. Through Mrs. Ulich's good offices, they are put where they can be cared for until adjustments may be made—put, as she explained it, where somebody understands and refrains from asking them questions that are of necessity both painful and embarrassing.

Photo Courtesy Ogden Chamber of Commerce

LEANING ROCK, OGDEN CANYON

The Message of Leaning Rock

By Glen Perrins

LEANING ROCK, in Ogden canyon, reminds one of the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Standing guard near the mouth of the picturesque gorge carved through the rock formations by a large, swift river in Lake Bonneville days, Leaning Rock has withstood the erosion of Mother Nature.

Today automobiles whiz around Leaning Rock, but often one sees a nature-lover gazing silently at this massive pile of stone set in this beauty spot.

Could this freak of nature but talk he would perhaps tell of the days before the paved road came when Peter Skene Ogden trapped beaver and traded pelts with the Indians, or perhaps Leaning Rock might tell of the days before that: when a mad, dashing torrent raged down through Ogden canyon and poured into the huge Lake Bonneville.

It is interesting to ponder over the secrets of the ages which Leaning Rock holds locked within his jagged breast.

THE PROUD POPLARS

Like human sentries, green poplars in a row stand guard at the head of Ogden canyon, rearing their heads aloft as if proud of the scenic wonders they control.

Morning Prayer

By Bee Parsons

Dear God,
Among Your labors of this day
Is there some task for me to do?
Just some small thing—
A smile to give,
A song,
A word,
A thought,
A prayer,
A measure of sympathy,
A labor done for love?

Dear God,
For these I do not seek reward.
In the joy of giving is my pay—
Just let me help!

The Little Grandmother

By Lucy R. Scott

MY mother, Ellen Lewis, and my father, William Lane, lived in the little factory town of Crewkerne, in Somersetshire, England. They were very poor, because they were weavers; and in those days weavers received a very small wage, fifteen shillings a week at the most. So what with rent to pay, and food and clothing to provide, each member of the family who was old enough was obliged to obtain work in the factories and mills to provide just the bare necessities of life. There was nothing left after these were taken care of, for books, nor to pay for schooling; for there were no free schools in England at that time.

Into this household I came on the tenth day of October, 1854, during the reign of good Queen Victoria. I remember the stone floors, the open fireplace where Mother did all her cooking, and the hob where the kettles were placed. There were no stoves and we had no ovens, so all our bread and meats were baked at the public bakery.

As soon as I was old enough I was sent to an Infants' School, for which Mother paid a penny each week. This school was similar to the kindergarten, but its main purpose was to care for the little ones so that the mothers and older ones in the family would be free to find work. I remember that we were taught to knit and to sew.

Father and Mother were both members of the Church at the time of their marriage, and at this time he had become president of the branch. From the first they had planned on emigrating to Utah; but as the children came and expenses grew, they found it impossible to save even the small amount for their passage money. There was only one course open for us ever to realize our dreams. Father borrowed money enough to take himself alone to America. He went as far west as Philadelphia, where he found work on a fine estate of an old Quaker gentleman, Mr. William Sellars. It took him over three long years to pay off his debts and to save money enough to pay the passage of his loved ones. Meanwhile, in England, Mother worked and hoped and prayed, saving what she could of her small earnings.

THEN, one wonderful day, the postman came with the letter containing the money which was to take us to Father and America. How impatient I was to go! So much to be done, so many little things for older heads to worry about, that it seemed to my childish mind that we never, never would begin our journey. But one day we finally found ourselves, bag and baggage, on the docks and ready to embark. Even then there was some last errand that Mother had to run, and thinking that she would be back in a few moments, she left us huddled among the trunks and bundles. The minutes lengthened into an anxious hour and then in spite of tears and protests we were bundled into a small boat and carried out to the big ship *William Tapscott,* which rode at anchor in the bay, ready to set sail for America. Sailing time and no mother! As the shadows lengthened, our fears and anxiety in

creased. Then, just a few minutes before the anchor was raised, a boat drew up alongside and a number of people were hurried on board. There was Mother, her dear face white with worry and anxiety. Soon we were safe in each other's arms, too happy for anything but tears.

There were not beds enough to go around, so I was assigned to sleep with a big, fat woman. I undressed and climbed into the berth. There wasn't any too much room for me, and when Mrs. Avoirdupois decided to come to bed she stuck a hard roll of her belongings under my head, squeezed me tight against the wall, and was soon sleeping. She woke up once long enough to roll over and say, "Can't ye shut up? I wants me sleep." To this day I hate to sleep next to a wall. The roll of the ship, the strange squeaks and gratings and other noises and the smothered feeling and the discomfort of that hard roll I was obliged to use for a pillow, made too deep an impression to be easily overcome.

MY recollection of the boat consists of long passageways, row upon row of berths, and a railing where I could stand and watch those on the deck below us. One day I saw them eating pancakes. After the hard ship-biscuit, which we ate in lieu of bread, how good they looked. Mother prepared all of our meals, but I missed the bread. After watching the feast on the lower deck the ship-biscuit seemed harder and drier than ever. One day we were able to purchase some fresh supplies from a passing vessel. Among them was some fresh bread. No pie or cake or candy ever tasted quite so good to me.

One day in mid-ocean the ship sprang a leak. The anchor was lowered while the pumps were set to work. I heard a sailor report that the trunk room was being flooded. Happy childhood! Little sensed I of the real danger that threatened us. It was barely noon. I went by myself, knelt down, and with full childish faith I prayed: "Our Father in heaven, please don't let my new dress get wet." And I finished up with "Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. Amen."

I think the listening angels must have smiled at that prayer; but in spite of the fact that my dress was in the very bottom of the trunk it was not damaged in the least.

We found so many interesting things to do that the voyage of six weeks did not seem nearly so irksome to us as it did to the grown-ups; but when someone shouted, "Land, I see land," I believe Columbus himself couldn't have been much happier than we were. Many were crying, though of course I couldn't then understand why. What a bustle, packing up our things we had used during the voyage, running errands and watching the sailors at their work. We were landed at a place called Castle Garden. I remember that we stayed there over night. Father came here to meet us. For three years I had dreamed of seeing him again; but when he came, I failed at first to recognize him. We were all very happy, but again I could not see what there was to cry about.

WHEN we got off the train at Philadelphia, I saw for the first time street cars drawn by horses. As Mr. Sellars' estate was some miles out from the city, we boarded one of these funny-looking little cars and away we went. For the first time I saw green fields and

rolling meadows and heard the birds sing. The trees were all in blossom. The meadows were a rolling carpet of green and gold. It seemed as though all the birds in the world were singing a welcome to us. Gone were the grimy factory days. Now Mother could stay at home, and we had Father with us once more. How we reveled in the beauties of the country—the birds, the flowers and the woods, and the blackberry hedges! I heard the frogs singing in the swamp, and the owls and the whippoorwills. My bedroom window overlooked the woods; and on a still, moonlit night I could hear the water in the mill race, singing over the stones.

We children joined a Sunday School class, and were allowed to take home books from the library. I remember one of these especially, "Little Jane." Little Jane was a very, very good little girl, who lived with a very, very sinful family. Besides being imposed upon in fifty different ways, she was never allowed to go to church. All day Sunday she baked and brewed and stewed enough food to last that family the rest of the week. I felt sorry for her. "I'll not do that when I have a home," I promised myself. "I won't do any cooking on Sunday." It is a rule that I have since followed; though it had its source in the impossible "Little Jane."

One of the most beautiful memories that I have is of the Sabbath peace that blessed our dear home. Our family group would gather around the grate fire and listen to the wonderful stories that Mother would tell us. The songs we sang: old English ballads, "Lord Bateman" and "The Mistletoe Bough," especially, "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old," "Happy Day," and other good old hymns.

The stories of Jesus, as Mother told them, made us feel that God was a loving Father who loved little children more than anyone else. The preachers of those days were of the fire and brimstone order; and I used to sit in church with every hair standing on end from sheer terror of the awful pictures they drew of hell and the judgment day.

Soon after listening to one such terrorizer, a violent storm broke over the country. As one peal of thunder topping another boomed across the heavens, I fled to my room and prayed wildly:

"O Lord, it's the end of the world. Please don't burn me up in everlasting hell fire. I won't grumble when I have to do the dishes any more, an' I won't ask for two pieces of cake. I know I'm awful wicked, but I'll try so hard to be good."

I am glad for the sake of little children that Christian views have changed, and that this type of sermon isn't to be heard nowadays.

School Days

IN the fall my sisters and I were sent to school. Quite a different school from the school which your children attend nowadays. Our teacher was very tall, very severe looking and very conscientious. She neither spared the rod nor spoiled the child. Small chance there was for shirking under her eagle eye; and though we were whipped for many things one would not dream of whipping a child for today, we learned many a wholesome lesson while in her charge.

There being no school on Saturdays, we spent many wonderful golden days out in the woods gathering hickory nuts, walnuts and chestnuts to store up for the winter fireside. One Saturday while on one of these expeditions we wan

dered out of the woods into a place known as "The Meadows." But how unfamiliar was the scene which met our childish eyes. Instead of the carpet of rolling green we had been wont to see, was an army of white tents and, out in an open space, companies of soldiers all in blue uniforms were marching and countermarching and being drilled in all the maneuvers of war. We watched them with fascinated eyes, until a bugle call and lowering of the Stars and Stripes finished the drill for the day.

When we told Mother about it she said that there was war between the North and the South and that these were President Lincoln's soldiers preparing to go out and fight for the Union. Mother glanced at Father's picture and looked anxious and worried. "Will Father have to go?" we asked. "Perhaps," she answered. "This is our country now."

MOTHER spent much of her time these days sewing, making dainty little white garments, lace-trimmed and tucked. And as often as she sewed she would tell us more wonderful stories. These days her smile was very tender and sweet, but I often saw a look of pain flit across her face as she looked towards the meadows where the men other mothers had borne were marching away in the glory of their young manhood, many of them to die for their country. Oh, it is hard for mothers to feel the thrill, or to appreciate the glory of war! Too well they know the bitter sacrifice.

Vacation Days

SPRING came and with it the last day of school. What excitement there was. This was the day on which we were put on show before our family and friends. We were put through our paces by the school committee. Awards of merit and prizes were given to lucky ones.

I was to "speak a piece," so I must look extra fine for the occasion. These were the days of pinafores and pantalets and for this event my pinafore was new. My pantalets, as an added touch, had some lace, intended for quite another purpose, basted to the bottoms for trimming.

Away I went, proud as a peacock, and took my place among the other children who sat like little ram rods of propriety, hands neatly folded, faces to the front, wearing for this day alone, expressions that would have graced the faces of an angel choir. When my name was called I arose, gave a satisfied glance of pride at my new dress and the lace that ruffled so daintily on the pantalets beneath it, walked primly up to the front, made my best bow and then began: "England's sons—"

I had not gone very far when something slipped around my ankle. A stolen glance showed a dangling end of lace. Then I saw Tom Shore grin. Up went my head. Not for worlds would I quit! So I finished my lines in a round of hearty applause, though the lace slipped farther and farther. "That was fine," someone whispered. Then Tom Shore, with a voice that sounded like gleeful satisfaction, made me feel like fighting by saying, "Ya, but you nearly lost yer pants."

Then came the speeches and awards. Balm to sore mortification and hurt pride, I was awarded a Bible for being the "best student in the school." Its leaves are worn and yellow with age, but I still have it among my most treasured possessions.

SOON after school closed my brother Willie was born. My elder sister, Rost, did her best to take Mother's place with the housework, and then when Mother was strong again there was the new baby to tend, so Martha and I were left pretty much to our own devices. It was early summer and haying time, and we fairly reveled in the joys of the great outdoors. I can still smell the sweet warm fragrance of the freshly cut hay, as it lay drying in the summer sunshine. How thrilled we were when we were allowed to ride atop of the great wobbly loads as they were hauled to the stack yard! The hay was unloaded and pitched into great, carefully rounded stacks. The stack yard proved a very fascinating place to play and all went well until one day we found a ladder against one of the very tallest stacks. The temptation to climb to the top was not to be resisted, so up we went like Jack in the Beanstalk. Then after a few breath-taking, frightened moments, we found ourselves on top of the stack. Again like Jack, in a wonderful fairyland of forest and castle, broad fields and meadows stretching away as far as our delighted eyes could see. We played in blissful contentment for some time, catching the different colored grasshoppers or lying on our backs finding cloud pictures.

When we grew tired and were ready to get down, somehow the green, sloping sides of the stack looked much more inviting than did the ladder. It goes without saying that we slid down. The thrill was perfect and we carried enough loose hay down with us to make a perfect landing.

Of course every joy, especially when you're little, must come to an end. Ours came in the shape of an entirely unsympathetic grown-up in the person of my father. "You youngsters keep off that hay," he cried, picking up a pitchfork and disappearing around a neighboring stack. Why did grown-ups make it so hard for children anyhow? They didn't seem to know what real fun was. Half in rebellion, half in reluctance to abandon immediately the thing that had given us so much fun, up the ladder we climbed again and down we came sliding. Somehow the zest was gone and this time the landing was anything but perfect; but the spanking which we promptly received was. I think Father gave it to us more in sheer relief that our necks weren't broken than as a punishment for ruining a haystack.

We were sent to bed in disgrace and without our supper. It was stern justice, but we deserved it. We cried and compared the marks which the sting of the willow had left on our bodies. I had the most because I was older than Martha and was expected to set her a good example. As it grew dark Mother brought us up some bread and milk. We ate and were comforted. Truly repentant and at peace with the whole world, we soon fell asleep. We had learned our lesson. When Father said a thing he meant it, and never again did we wilfully disobey him.

One day soon after this we were playing in the meadows where we saw some fishermen with rods over their shoulders, on their way to the mill pond to fish. This promptly suggested a new idea. "Let's go fishing," I cried. "Let's," cried Martha joyously. So in just a few minutes, proudly carrying green willow poles, some string and bent pins, we were marching down to the mill race. We sat down in the middle of a narrow foot-board which spanned the race and promptly threw in our lines. We did not even get a nibble, but we

were having real fun in pretending when in some way Martha lost her balance and fell into the water below. I tried to reach her, but failing this I ran frantically along the bank calling, "Martha, O Martha." Then sensing that I couldn't get her, I ran screaming for Mother. She heard me and came running towards me. Into the stream she rushed, only to mire helplessly in the soft mud bottom. Someone pulled her back and when she saw Martha come up to the surface of the water only to sink out of sight, she fainted. Someone had gone for Father. Meanwhile, the Irish gardener, having heard our excited cries, had hurried over, his rake still in his hand. He waded in and reached with his rake until he caught Martha's clothes. Father came up just in time to take her apparently lifeless body in his arms. He carried her swiftly to the carriage house and worked frantically over her. Soon she gave a weak moan. "Where's your mother?" he said to me. "Dead, down by the willows," I sobbed. Father, working desperately with Martha, cried, "Run child, run and stay with her until I can come." When I reached the willows Mother had regained consciousness and I cried, "Mother, Oh Mother, come quick, Martha is alive." But poor Mother only shook her head and moaned, "No she isn't, no she isn't; I saw her go down and she won't come up any more." Even now I can see her hanging on to the fence, too weak to stand alone, pulling herself along back to the house.

It was a long time before she recovered from the shock. Sometimes at night she would steal out of the house and we would find her walking the banks of the stream, wringing her hands and moaning and crying for Martha. Father would lead her back to the house and put Martha in her arms. Then she would be comforted. She gradually grew better, but it took a long time.

Preparation

THE months that followed were fairly happy and prosperous ones and it began to look as though our dream of gathering with the Saints in Utah might find an early fulfilment. Mother's sister had already emigrated; Father's brother had reached America and was living in Philadelphia. Then my brother Eddie was born. Welcome as his coming was, of course, it meant extra expense and a little harder struggle to put by even a small amount. Then Father was kicked by a horse and his leg severely injured—an injury which was followed by an attack of rheumatism. He found it very painful and difficult to attend to even a small part of his work. One day a friend, seing the difficulty, said, "Mr. Lane, I know what will cure your rheumatism. You get some hartshorn, camphor, laudanum and sweet oil and rub it on your leg and it will cure it." I stood by his side, and he turned and said, "Eliza, run to the drug store and get it for me." I write this incident, trivial in itself, to illustrate how vividly children receive impressions. I've never forgotten a single ingredient of that liniment in all these years.

Mother would rub Father's limbs with this liniment and he did get well for a short time at least. But a swim in the creek at the close of a hard day's work gave him a heavy chill. In spite of all Mother could do, he grew rapidly worse. His rheumatism came back, more severe this time, afflicting his heart and kidneys. Three doctors, under Mr. Sellars' instructions, held a consultation and on the morning of my ninth birthday, they took him away

to the hospital, in Philadelphia. "Why Father," I cried, "don't you know it's my birthday and you are going away." "Yes, dear child," he said, "and that will be something for you to remember me by."

Mother was nearing another confinement, and under the circumstances she was denied the solace and comfort of being able to see him or be near him. Not more than twice a week was she able to go into Philadelphia to visit him and take him clean clothing.

One day at the hospital, Father asked for his brother. As soon as the message reached Uncle Alfred, he hurried to the hospital, only to be refused admittance as it was past visiting hours. "But he's my brother, he's sent for me and needs me," and brushing past the attendant he hurried to Father's bedside. "William, shall I send for Ellen?" he asked. "No, Alfred, I'm going. There isn't time." For some minutes they talked. A woman, whose duty was to administer comfort to the dying, came into the room, and true to her faith and her duty, said, "My good man, I hope you have made your peace with Jesus. I hope you have not left it till this late hour." Father smiled faintly and whispered, "Oh no."

When I saw Uncle Alfred coming through our gate, childlike, I ran to meet him. "How is Father?" I cried. "Your father is dead," was his answer. Not sensing the terrible significance of this news, I ran to Mother, and cried out in unthinking innocence, "Mother, Father is dead." Then I saw her face whiten in agony as she slipped from her chair in a faint.

PEOPLE were very kind to us. We were almost entirely without means. After the funeral, Mr. Sellars held a conference with Mother and Uncle Alfred. He told her as gently as he could that another man was to take Father's place and that she would have to find quarters elsewhere, but he had made arrangements for her to go to the hospital for her confinement. Rose made her home with Mr. Sellars' family. Martha went to some of his friends by the name of Leisering; the two boys were placed in an orphans' home, and I was to be sent to Philadelphia to Mrs. Bancroft, a married daughter of Mr. Sellars'.

How well I remember that parting—Mother laying her dear hands on my head in wordless blessing—the sudden wild grief that took possession of me. "Oh Mother! Mother! I don't want to go," I sobbed. "I don't want to go. I don't care if we don't have anything to eat but bread, I want to stay. Please, Mother, let me stay with you." "My poor child," she gently answered, "but I haven't even bread for you." As we both cried, I began to sense that my grief distressed Mother, and that I must be brave and do my bit to help, so wiping my eyes and trying to smile I went off to Philadelphia.

MRS. BANCROFT lived in a beautiful home on Vine Street. She had me sleep with the cook, and gave me as a household duty the task of helping in the kitchen. Somehow the cook resented this very much, and was anything but agreeable to me. In fact, she made my life so unpleasant that kind Mrs. Bancroft moved me from the cook's room and gave me a trundle bed to sleep in and changed my work from the kitchen to the dining room and nursery.

In spite of the kindness of this splendid Quaker family, I had many bitter hours, and many nights when my pillow would be wet with home-

sick tears. I went to school part of the time, a girls' school, as then the boys and girls met in different buildings.

I made friends with a girl whose brother was an officer in the Union army. She was very proud of him and we had many pleasant talks together. Then for the first time I heard the muffled drum as it beat its tattoo to the slow measured tread of the feet that carried some patriot to his last resting place. As the war went on, the sound of the drums became more frequent, and soon not a day passed that its mornful roll failed to be heard in the streets of Philadelphia. My young friend's brother was among those who laid down their lives for their country. We went to see him as he lay in state in his uniform of blue, under the flag he had given his young life to defend.

LIVING in Philadelphia, and working for her living, was an older half-sister, Harriet, a daughter of Father's first wife, who died when she was two years old. She used to come to see me. Her visits were very welcome, you may be sure. She never failed to bring an orange or a bit of candy or some little gifts that she knew would gladden my childish heart. Uncle Alfred lived there, and though I had heard him describe his home, I had never seen it. One day I decided to go and visit my Uncle's family, so off I set after I had prayed earnestly to be shown the way. It was a very astonished uncle and aunt that I saw as I walked up to their door, for find it I truly did, though other than my prayer I asked no directions.

AFTER baby Charles was born, Mother rented a small room in Philadelphia. Then came the yearning for her children! What was she to do? Mr. Sellars offered the only solution that she saw possible. Feeling sure that Mother would see the wisdom of his decision, he had had papers made out "binding out" the older children of the family until they should become of age, and brought them to Mother to sign. Poor Mother! Mr. Sellars had been kind. She begged time to consider his offer, so he left, promising to call the next day for the signed paper. Her dreams of going to Utah seemed utterly impossible. She sought Divine help in her great need. "The dead do come back when there is real need for it," said Mother, in telling her experiences in the years that followed. "Three times that night your father appeared in my room and each time he said, 'Don't bind the children.' I was not asleep. I actually saw him."

Mr. Sellars tried to get her to change her mind, and became almost exasperated when she steadily refused. "What are you going to do?" Mother thought of Utah and all it meant to her, and raising her head with a certain conviction, she answered him. "I am going home." He said no more.

There was a branch of the Church here at this time, to which Mother and Father had been able to go only occasionally, as it had meant a long ride on the cars for them. The children, rather than receive no religious training, had attended a Presbyterian Sunday School.

Mother had said with firm conviction, "I am going home." But as far as human eyes could see, "going home" means insurmountable difficulties. Once more "man's extremity proved God's opportunity." While Mother sat in Sunday meeting the president of the branch arose and announced that on the following

Wednesday a company of emigrants was leaving for Utah, and that means had been provided for Sister Lane and her children to go with them. Mother's prayer had received its answer. Orson Pratt and Hyrum Clawson were the speakers, and after the meeting was over, they both came to Mother. Orson Pratt placed $2.50 in her hand saying, "I am on my way to England. I have enough money to get me there, and I am sure you need this worse than I do." Brother Clawson gave her $5.00. They shook hands with her and spoke words of encouragement and cheer. Some of the sisters, Sister Ware and Sister Fenton especially, were willing and anxious to help.

There was much hurried preparation to be ready in time. Mrs. Bancroft cried when Mother came for me. "She is so dependable," she told Mother, "that I can trust her implicitly in all things." That was a splendid compliment to live to.

Then I came in sensible contact with some of the bitterness that existed against the Church in those days. When Mr. Sellars saw our arrangement for leaving, and came to tell Mother goodbye, he said, "Well, I'm glad you are going back to England instead of with those 'Mormons.' Had you decided to go with them, I certainly would have taken steps to have those children taken away from you." Mother did not tell him that "home" meant Utah. She was soon on her way to New York. We each had a bundle to look after. I'm sure Mother found it quite a handful to keep track of us all—Rosie, Eliza, Martha, Willie, Eddie, and baby Charlie—to say nothing of the bundles. Here we took the train for the little town of Wyoming on the banks of the muddy Missouri river, where we were to wait until a company of emigrants from England joined us before proceeding west by ox team.

The Long Trail

HOW vividly I remember the little town of Wyoming on the Missouri, just one thousand miles from Utah! What a change from the green woods and meadows of Pennsylvania. So desolate and wild. The Missouri, just one big river of mud, flowing out of a somewhere, sluggishly past, and on into a nowhere! "However can we wash our clothes in this," was my uppermost thought and I was really greatly relieved when I found that all the washing was to be done at a spring pleasantly situated in a group of trees, near the camp.

Here also we had our first experience at sleeping in the great out-of-doors—a rather terrifying one until we got used to it. Every single night, it seemed to me, it stormed. The inky darkness would be broaken by sudden, blinding flashes of lightning, and the steady howl of the storm, by roars of rolling thunder. The seven of us huddled even closer together, but not even tent wall and bedclothes could shut out the blinding flashes of light, nor deaden but very little the terrific claps of thunder. Then, one awful night, the tent blew down, the pole falling across Mother's neck in such a way that she was left utterly powerless, either to call for help or to assist herself. She must have soon died had not Rose, sensing her peril, managed to move the heavy pole in such a way that her neck was freed.

Supplies were issued from a store house centrally located. We did our cooking over bonfires. We lived like this about a month or six weeks. Then we were joined by a company of Saints who were emigrating from England.

One day came the glad shout, "The ox-teams are coming, the ox-teams are coming!" Everybody turned out to give them welcome, as they lumbered slowly into camp—a long train of covered wagons, each drawn by yokes of oxen. This was the train which was to take us to Utah, each outfit being furnished by men who had been called on a mission, by President Young, to meet the emigrants and bring them on to Utah.

We were all happy and anxious to get started on our way, little sensing, any of us, what a long, tedious journey it was to be, and little sensing the trials and hardships we were to encounter, but bravely ready for whatever fate held in store for us.

The train was in charge of Brother Warren Snow. Our outfit was in charge of Brother Frank Cundick. Besides our seven, there was a feeble, old lady, sick and ailing, who was assigned to ride with us. Baby Charlie was assigned to Rose's special care, and little Eddie to mine. They were both beautiful children, rosy and healthy, giving every promise of growing to a strong and sturdy manhood.

After what seemed many days, we bade Wyoming goodbye, and turned our faces westward. Conditions were too crowded for us all to ride at the same time, so those who were able, took turns in walking. We would fill our aprons with dry buffalo chips as we walked, or with anything that would burn, and these would be used to make our camp fire.

Then, one day, Mother discovered that the bundle containing Rose's clothing and shoes had been left behind, with other luggage belonging to the train. Poor Rose! her feet grew sore and cracked. One day I heard her scream, and running to her, found that she had stepped upon a prickly pear. The blood was falling in drops from her wounded foot; she would not let me pull the thorns out. I helped her all that I could and finally we hobbled into camp. Her foot was growing more painful. "That cactus must come out," I thought, and then aloud, I cried, "Look Rose, Indians, quick," and as she turned her head to look, I jerked the cactus out of her foot, before she had even time to say "ouch." My own fingers were filled with thorns, but we soon got them out, then found Mother. We cooked our meal over the campfire and went to bed. In spite of the strange night crys of prowling beasts and birds, we slept soundly through the cool, sweet night. The next morning we were up at sunrise, fresh and ready for the long day's march. Rose's foot was still somewhat sore. "Do you know," said Mother, "that last night I dreamed that your shoes were coming and that they will be here today. I am sure they will." To our great joy they did come, along with the rest of the missing luggage, save some that had been stolen. Mother's dreams often came true. Our money, fifty or sixty dollars, all we had in the world, was missing. Then one night Mother dreamed that she saw it sewed up in a feather bed. When she awoke she arose and looked for it, and found it just as her dream had shown her.

One day the old lady with us died, the first of our band who didn't finish the "journey through." They made her a grave at the side of the trail.

Then watering places grew scarce and we were obliged to buy our drinking water at 25c per keg. It was not always good water at that, for dysentery broke out among us, a condition which proved to be very serious to many of us. The woman

in the wagon ahead of us died. Mother was very ill, and so were the two children. Brother John Kay, a young man returning from a mission, was stricken. A side was taken from a wagon to make him a coffin. For little Charlie there was not a thing that could be utilized to make him even a rude coffiin. Mother tore a shawl in half, and we left him sleeping by the long trail. Later, the other half was used for little Eddie. Sick, disheartened, and weary, we had to carry on.

I remember one cold, wet day, in particular. We had kept huddled up for warmth in the wagon all day, while the rain beat its monotonous tattoo on our canvas roof. When we stopped for the night, fires were out of the question. We were hungry and went to bed crying for something to eat. Next morning Mother climbed out of the wagon. Through the drizzling rain and mist she saw a little old shack, with smoke pushing its way out of the chimney. She made her way to it and as the door opened to her knock, there greeted her a rush of warm air, fragrant with the odor of frying meat. "Will you sell me some bread?" she asked of the woman who had answered the door. "We haven't any to spare," she replied, but seeing how sick and weak Mother looked, she said, "We are just going to have a bite, come in and eat with us." "I cannot eat; my children are hungry." "You shall eat," she insisted, "and you shall have bread for your little ones even if we have to go without." When Mother came back, we were all out on the wagon tongue. She broke the bread in chunks and handed us each a piece.

Eddie died as we were nearing Green River. This final stroke proved too much for Mother, and she became very, very ill. One day, as Rose and I came near the wagon, we heard voices. "Yes, Sister Lane, your children will be cared for." The wild fear that arose in my breast seemed to smother me. Baby Charlie and Eddie, and now Mother! Taking my sister by the hand, we ran off some distance into the sage brush and kneeling down we prayed in all our childish anguish, "Please, Heavenly Father, don't let our mother die. Please make her better, in the name of Jesus. Amen." We felt sure then that she would get well. Next morning she was very much better, and after some days she was trying again to take her share of the burdens.

One day we passed large, white saleratus beds. Mother had read of saleratus biscuits, and as we were nearing our journey's end, food supplies were running rather low. Mother decided we were going to have hot biscuits, so with a zeal not backed up by knowledge, she made them. We ate them, for the bitter flavor was entirely outdone by their delectable rich orange coloring.

We had not much trouble in fording the streams as it was autumn, and rivers were comparatively low. A preceding train had made a good ford over one river, the Platte, I believe. This was spanned by a toll bridge, but the keeper refused to let the train (Homer Duncan's, by the way) cross it, not even to carry their flour across, giving one flimsy excuse after another. Anyway, the men grew disgusted, and though the keeper tried to dissuade them, they dug a road-way down either bank and established a very good ford, one used by all succeeding trains, whether 'Mormon' or not, much to the discomfiture of the toll keeper.

The last day of our journey our

food gave out, and we became really hungry. Towards evening we entered Emigration canyon. As we came into the valley, we could see in the distance the glow of the big bonfires that had been lighted to welcome us. About ten o'clock we stopped at the square where the City and County Building now stands. Such a welcome as we received! Such a laughing and crying, such hugs and kisses! Soon we were seated around the big fire, while willing hands, backed by warm hearts, served us with everything that the little settlement afforded in the way of delicious hot food. There were mashed potatoes, and gravy, chicken, vegetables, pie and cake. Then when we just couldn't cram another delicious morsel, I noticed, by the light of the fire, a tempting green slope. "Come on," I said to the girls, "let's roll down here!" and roll we did, to our heart's content, entirely unreproved by the older folk. They were "home" at last and too happy to notice us.

Moods of the Mountains

By Helen McQuarrie Evans

The mountains are angry today, dear,
They have veiled themselves from our view
With a frowning mist that is dark and drear,
And the skies are weeping too.

O! ye snowcapped sentinels, List;
We could be joyous and glad today,
Could we see the sunshine in thy midst
To send all those clouds away.

O; look at yonder sunbeams
Dancing their way through the mist,
The grim old peaks have caught the gleam
That the gloom would have them resist.

How quickly the sunlight travels along
And we gaze on the radiance up there,
'Till me thinks of a glorified throng
And beautiful cities, pure and fair.

Real Lace

By Ruth Partridge Richan

THE young lawyer faced the blue-eyed nurse across his expensive desk.

"And did you put the real lace handkerchief in her hand?"

"Yes indeed, although I was tempted to sell it to help you pay her funeral expenses. She had always been particularly insistent that I put it in her hand, so I just couldn't sell it. Yes, she has it with her. I'm sure it was worth a good deal and would have saved you considerable money."

"It *was* worth a great deal. A rare piece of old Venetian point. She carried it at her wedding. As for the money, she told you she had plenty for her funeral."

The little nurse laughed.

YES, I know. She also told me I could have what was left over, bless her old heart. Said it would pay me for my trouble. I know of course, she was practically penniless. A hundred or two perhaps seemed a lot to her. Her funeral cost $500.00. There will be quite a balance for you to pay, but I did as you said and made everything nice."

"Yes. You went to a great deal of trouble to satisfy the dying request of an old lady, a stranger to you, Miss Tridge."

"No, no, really. You see, I knew just how she felt. It seemed somehow as if it were I. It's rather hard to explain, but I can appreciate her feelings because—well, I'm all alone myself and if I should die tonight—there isn't anyone—don't you see? Unless some stranger offered—really it's awful to be so alone, Mr. Kane."

"But your people, where are they?"

LOST at sea. I haven't even the consolation of their graves. All my life I've had a horror of dying alone and friendless. When old Mrs. Gage made me promise I would have her buried like one of my own, why it would have been impossible to deny her. The very fact that she had to ask me, a stranger, for such a favor made it all the more pathetic. Oh, I understand it too well."

"When I bought clothes I thought over and over to myself, 'I wonder who would take care of me if I should die tonight.' The undertaker let me dress her and comb her hair. All my heart was in it as if she were my own."

The little nurse stood up suddenly; there were tears in her eyes.

"You are the one who deserves credit, Mr. Kane. Few men would shoulder the expense of an old lady's funeral simply because she was a friend of their grandfather. I'm glad it happened. It has been a lovely experience. I must go now. Goodbye, Mr. Kane." (How handsome he is—how kind his eyes are!)

(How tired she looks. Works like a slave, I'll wager. Game little sport, too.)

"Sit down, Miss Tridge. I have something else to settle. There is a bit of her money left over after all your efforts to spend it. At least you will have a few real lace 'hankies.' Mrs. Gage had one of the finest private collections of real lace in America."

"Goodness me!"

"After my grandfather died, I became administrator for Mrs. Gage's

estate. About three years ago we had a talk. Even then the horror of dying alone was uppermost in her thoughts. 'Jimmy,' she said, 'You are all I have in the world; if I'm stricken among strangers I'll send someone to you with a sealed letter, and you do just as it says. Now promise.' So I promised. Three days ago you brought me the sealed letter. Aren't you at all curious to know what is in it?"

"Just an introduction."

"Yes—and more. Listen."

" 'Dear Jimmy: I'm going to die. The bearer of this letter is my little nurse at the hospital where they took me after the accident. She has been very kind to me and I know she will do with me as she has promised after I'm gone. I think she's a rare piece of lace, Jimmy, delicate and genuine. I want to add her to my collection, but it's too late. I'll have to add the collection to her. She's to have everything if my estimation of her is true. If I've made a mistake and she's cheap imitation, use my money to build a home for cats. I hate cats. It is my wish that you manage her estate—and herself, too, if possible.'

" 'And now Jimmy, goodbye: thanks to you both for being kind to a funny old woman.'

"Miss Tridge, after paying all the expenses for the beautiful funeral you made possible, I find that you will receive about $50,000 besides the real lace."

"But Mr. Kane, there must be some mistake, I—"

"No mistake, and now as your legal advisor, I suggest we have dinner together and then—"

"And then, please could I see the real lace. I want to pick out a handkerchief to wear—"

"At our wedding?"

"Jimmy!"

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WASATCH 1812

Family Life Today

EDITED BY MARGARET E. RICH

By Lais V. Hales

IN 1877 the first Charity Organization Society was founded at Buffalo, New York. In 1927 a three-day conference was held, again in Buffalo, under the auspices of the American Association for Organizing Family Social Work. *Family Life Today* is made up of papers on "The Family" delivered at this conference.

Family life was considered from many points of view, for it touches all fields of human activity. The family belongs to all members of society. A cross-section of scientific thought concerning the family was obtained through papers delivered by biologists, sociologists, ministers, teachers, social workers, etc. Based on actual conditions today, the future of the family in America was discussed. The family was "used as a touchstone for evaluating the lasting worth of present-day industrial, educational, religious, and other social institutions."

Much is being written about the family. Some of it is optimistic; most of it is pessimistic. Authorities present at the conference, feeling that everyone has opinions about family life, but few have facts, spoke entirely from first-hand experience. This alone would make *Family Life Today* a worthwhile book. Add to this the fact that all those contributing to it have faith in the future of the family and offer plans for its enrichment and you have a book outstanding and stimulating.

THE first section of the book deals with the background of the family. The monogamous family has been established through the needs of man and meets his needs better than any other system. In this family it is falsely stated that the male must in the nature of things be more powerful and efficient than the female. Our biological inheritance we understand. We have, however, neglected our social heritage—our ways of thinking and acting—our very personality—which is mainly passed on by the family. The family determines whether the child is to be timid, honest, conservative, or otherwise. "As the twig is bent, so grows the tree." The change in the size of the family may affect the personality of the members of the family both for good and evil. It may increase the percentage of exceptionally capable children mentally, but it may also result in an increase of nervousness and mental disorders. To these conditions the family must adjust itself through new inventions and utilize new knowledge concerning personality, habits and practice of affection, training of children, etc.

In the second part of the book, devoted to "Founding New Families," Dorothy Canfield Fisher strikes the keynote of the book in her chapter entitled "A Challenge." She feels that the task ahead of members of the family is noble and that we should face the future of the family with courage and cheer and hopefulness. We are but pioneers with the problems of pioneers. Our goal—a family shaped to meet present day needs—lies ahead. We cannot go back to the old quietly

ordered world of unquestioned traditions and standards.

Ernest R. Groves urges education and preparation for parenthood. This education must not become a fad, but must be linked with existing educational institutions, such as the schools, the church, the community, and the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. Mary E. Richmond prophesies that just as the health movement has swept the country during the last twenty years, so a social movement, with marriage its subject, will awaken and take a like course. The clergy, the lawmakers, the scientists, the social workers, the women's organizations will all play their part in this reform over which she, like Mrs. Fisher, is so optimistic. In the third part of the book, which deals with "Work, Wages, and Leisure," industrialism and its effect on the family is discussed by noted authorities. The family is no longer the chief unit of production. Men and women today make their living as individuals and not as members of a family group as they used to do. But this does not mean that the permanence of the family is a thing of the past. Factors such as love, care of children in early years, and man's inherent hunger for permanence, are operating to hold the family together.

REST, through all the ages, has been looked forward to as the great boon." Today leisure increases. Work recedes, offering new possibilities as it goes. This new-found leisure if properly used is a real boon. Karl De Schmeinitz in discussing this subject takes an optimistic attitude. He feels that actually people are not away from their homes as much as they were in the days before leisure. To him the motion picture is not such an evil as it is pictured. There are attractions to keep us at home that did not exist when we were born, such as books and radio. The recent wave of home ownership is doing much to keep members of the family at home.

"It is what each member contributes to the family that makes the life of the home." The family used to huddle together on the front steps, but how stultifying was its leisure. Today parents and children go forth from the home adventuring. They come home later, bringing variety and interest "that makes of comradeship a recreation." People, not materials, make the home.

THERE are those who feel that we are too passive in our use of leisure. We listen to the radio, we see the motion picture, the baseball game, the football game, the tennis match. This, however, develops our faculties of appreciation and fires us to try our hand at things. Appreciation of another's skill very often arouses the desire for emulation. Such organizations as the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts have made a great contribution to leisure by fostering the study of the wild life of the woods and fields.

The art of fellowship has not been aided by industrialism. Friends do not visit us as much as they did. No longer do we choose our friends from among our neighbors. There is thus a loss in friendliness that goes with informality. We need a revival of the art of hospitality. Entertainment should, as much as possible, be a family affair. The children should be included. Conversation at table should always be one of the delights of leisure. Let there be many jokes for "jokes and laughter bring the generations together." Perfect comradeship can

never be achieved between the generations but it can be kept as close as possible through a wise, right use of leisure. "Contrast the separation from the family which the saloon fostered with the companionship that is had in attendance at the motion picture show or in the automobile."

RELIGION is primarily a problem for the family. Today we are in vital need of ways of increasing the moral and spiritual forces that build good, solid, trustworthy individuals. "Wherever there has been profound religious life in any nation, race, or people, there has always been behind it a deep and pervasive piety and religious culture in the home." Rufus M. Jones, in writing of "Religion and Family Life," feels that man is, essentially, spiritually minded with a native hunger for God. During the year of 1928 eight million copies of the New Testament were sold. Habits of reverence and of wonder, once formed, are likely to last through life. "A home penetrated with spiritual culture and spiritual ideals is the highest product of civilization and it in turn ministers all the time toward the creation of a still higher civilization." The home determines the destiny of its boys and girls. "The home shapes the social life; it makes the church possible; it is the true basis of the state and nation. The woman who is successful in making a true home and nursery of spiritual culture, where peace and love dwell, and in which the children whom God gives her feel the sacredness and holy meaning of life, has won the best crown there is in this life and she has served the world in a very high degree."

Thus runs this excellent book, *Family Life Today*. Based on first-hand scientific thought, it is optimistic as to the future of the family. It is harder than most people think to break down the family unit. In the future we are going to speak of developing the family rather than of preserving it. Integration, continuity of membership, affection, social case work has demonstrated as essential to family life. "The time has come to stop denouncing the family, or scolding it for its shortcomings; it is worthy of better and more careful study."

The World is Beautiful to Me

By Anna Rosdahl

Donned in the silvery robes of the morn,
Tinted in colorings of twilight born,
Clothed in the golden splendor of noon,
Bathed in the shimmering light of the moon,
The world is beautiful to me.

Hushed in the silence of dusk 'ere the dark,
Vibrant at dawn with the song of the lark,
Enchanted in calm of stars' mystic light,
Sabled in cloak of still purple night,
The world is beautiful to me.

Wrapped in spring fragrance and April dews,
Draped in rainbow-spun autumnal hues,
Kindled to blossom by warm summer light,
Mantled in winter's rich ermined white,
The world is beautiful to me.

Daughter's Beaus

By Elsie C. Carroll

I WAS standing on the step-ladder taking the living room curtains down to shake, when the telephone rang. It was *Saturday* forenoon. My head was swathed in a towel and my face and house dress were streaked with dust—and my back ached. I was giving the living room a little better than the regular Saturday's cleaning, but had just been thinking that if I didn't bother much for lunch I could get through before noon. There were canned beans and fish and the children could scramble some eggs and open a jar of peaches.

I got down from the step-ladder and answered the 'phone.

IT was Marian, speaking scarcely above a whisper, her voice tremulous and thrilled. Marian was seventeen, making good at her first job in a drug store, and incidentally discovering that she was becoming popular with her boy friends.

"O, Mother, Bob Watson from Ogden is in here.—You know—our class president last year—the fellow who took me to the prom. He's on his way to Los Angeles for his vacation and—just stopped off here for a couple of hours—he says—to see me. Mother, may I bring him home to lunch?"

My lips began to draw themselves into a straight line. It did seem that children ought to have a little consideration. Saturday. Almost eleven o'clock. My back ached, and it would mean—

MARIAN must have sensed my hesitancy in that pause.

"I know it's Saturday, and that you are busy. But you wouldn't need to go to any extra bother. I could bring some ice-cream home from here, and—you could leave the dishes.—Or would you rather I'd stay down town and go somewhere to lunch with him? He'll only be here a couple of hours."

"Stay down town." Those were the words that cleared my senses. Eating down town at first with Bob, then perhaps with strangers. That was doubtless how little Elva Daniels, who ran away with a traveling salesman last winter, had started.

"Why, bring him home, of course, dear," I heard myself saying with a little catch of eagerness in my voice. "Would you rather have combination or tuna-fish salad?"

"Combination—with your good mayonnaise dressing. And thanks, Mother, a lot. We'll be there a little after twelve. Shall I bring some ice-cream?"

"No.—I'll make a shortcake or something.

"Oh thanks, Mother, you're so good to me."

I TURNED from the 'phone with cheeks burning at the thought of how nearly I had come to *not* being good to her. What did a little extra wrok, a little extra bother mean, compared to doing the right thing by my girl? How nice it was that she wanted to bring Bob home to lunch. I must make her keep on wanting to bring her friends home.

I had drawn most of the living room furniture out into the dining room preparatory to brushing down the walls. It would have to be put back and the unshaken curtains re-

hung. It would not be fair to Marian to let her bring Bob to such a disordered room. I would have to put in a special delivery call for groceries—an extra twenty-five cents—and I needed to count every penny; but Marian must not be ashamed of the lunch to which she had invited this wonderful Bob. I would even put on the best silver.

FALSE pretense? No. I see it quite differently. Marian must be helped to continue to want to bring her friends home to lunch.

I must put on a clean, dainty dress, and fuss a little with my hair and brush my cheeks with a little of Marian's rouge, and powder my nose. Foolish nonsense?

Not at all. Marian must not be ashamed of me when she presented her Bob. Neither must he look at me in a soiled dress and with frowsy hair, a reflection of Saturday cleaning, and register a mental picture of what Marian would look like seventeen years hence.

Extra work, and expense? Yes. And the unpleasantness of having to get back into the towel and soiled dress and going back to the cleaning again the afternoon when I should have liked to be resting and reading—but worth it all.

WHEN I hear mothers lamenting the fact that their girls are never willing to stay at home evenings, but are always wanting to car-ride, or go to the movies, or public dance halls; or that they are worried about their daughters' friends because they don't know the first thing about them, I wonder if they always make it a point to be presentable when daughter's friends call, and on hand to be presented—even to make the introduction themselves, if daughter forgets. It isn't hard to smile pleasantly and say, "This is Jack, I suppose. I'm Mary's mother. Please sit down, I think she is almost ready." Perhaps it's a little harder than slipping into the back bedroom because your hair "is a sight" and your apron soiled, when you hear the door bell ring and know it is Jack or Ned coming. But it's worth it.

I wonder if those worrying mothers ever "happen" to have a nice dish of home-made candy, or popcorn on hand the evenings they know daughter is expecting Jack or Bob. Or if they spend money for the latest phonograph records and piano roll. (What if they are jazz and you hate jazz? If they can't hear those latest tunes in your home they'll go some place else to hear them and dance by them.)

Expensive? Yes. But a mighty sane investment when you count the dividends in terms of peace of mind.

DAUGHTER'S beaus! Yes, surely they can be a nuisance with their eternal desire to dance on the new rug; their continuous loud laughter over silly jokes; their never-tiring, grinding out jazz on the phonograph, piano, or banjo—when you are tired and would like to sleep—or are worried for fear the neighbors are being annoyed; their unbelievable capacity for sandwiches and punch and wafers. But worth it for the joy of having them there with daughter, instead of having her off—somewhere—anywhere with them, for the satisfaction of learning to know them so you can casually drop a hint such as, "I would think Fred were ever so much nicer if he didn't use so much slang. Wouldn't you?" or, "Isn't it too bad Jack isn't sincere when he's so clever? Cleverness is a fine thing to

have but there are other qualities so much more desirable. Don't you think so? Now there's Henry. He isn't clever, nor handsome, but he's the kind of boy who'll make a real man. Haven't you noticed how considerate he is of everyone?" Never moralizing nor preaching, of course—but letting fall those little comments that will help daughter, without her realizing it, in forming right judgments when it comes time for her to choose her mate.

ANOTHER invaluable reward a mother gets for making an effort to know her daughter's friends, is that it gives a basis for those little confidences which every mother longs to keep.

If you know all about Bob and Fred and Jack because they are frequent, informal visitors in your home, it is much easier for your daughter to say, "Mother, Fred tried to kiss me tonight—and I—," or "Mother, what do you think Bob meant when he said—."

AND so, you mothers of daughters who are just stepping out of the realm of little girlhood into that world of romance and thrills—for your own peace of mind, for the sake of your daughter's future—cultivate your daughter's beaus.

The Western Stars

By Henry F. Kirkham

High o'er the prairie—far and wide,
High o'er the mountain's massive bars,
Near to the ocean's restless tide—
Shine soft and clear the western stars.

When fall the dewy shades of night,
Like tapers held by hands divine,
A spangled canopy of light,
These western stars in glory shine.

They smile a friendly greeting down,
In deep ravine where torrents rage,
In far-flung space or sleeping town,
To all who ride the purple sage.

For nowhere glow the stars so bright,
Since this fair land no fog-bank mars;
And nowhere is the keen delight
This fair land shows beneath the stars.

Mother

By Lora Pratt

What can I say for "Mother"?
A few blunt, paltry words;
The music of my heart strings
Is felt, but never heard.

Oh, Mother dear, I love you!
God keep you, dear, I pray—
And grace your every footprint
Tho I am far away.

I may speak the joy of spring
And struggles of the throng,
But, Mother—you're the essence,
The beauty of my song.

There is no word so charming,
No eloquence can tell
How beautifully you taught me,
How deep you wrought, how well.

You gave me of your heart beats
And blended deep your soul.
You made me see that purity
Is life's one worthy goal.

And when I left your side, dear.
You came and followed me.
You ask for me one blessing—
A life of purity.

You're like an angel, Mother;
The white petal of a rose;
And though I cannot thank you—
God will—Because, He knows!

The Pledge of Oberammergau

By Olga Wunderly Snell

WHAT is it that insistently calls the visitor back to the lonely valley of the Ammer? Not the mountains for they are not more beautiful than others in that region, not the winding river whose banks are verdant yet devoid of the charms of an Isar, not the picturesque houses and their inhabitants whose pleasant "Gruess Gott" welcomes the stranger to partake of the country's hospitality. It is the atmosphere, the spirit of 1633 still lingering over the hallowed spot, living on perennially in the heart of every Oberammergauer and finding expression in his every-day walk and deed.

Coming from Munich and approaching the home of the Passion Play the eye is attracted upward to a large cross erected upon the highest peak of Mount Koffel. Of symbolic importance, it seems at once to protect, to guard, and to bless; for it is to the memory of Him whose life was sacrificed upon the cross, and in grateful remembrance of a prayer answered that the people of Oberammergau pledged to perform the Passion of Christ every tenth year.

WHEN nearly three hundred years ago the plague ravaged the country and threatened to annihilate the entire village, the lowly peasants, in their hour of despair, turned to Him who said: "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." The twelve oldest men of the town called the people to a special service at the Church and there they all solemnly vowed that if the Lord would preserve them and their families from further destruction, they would portray the suffering of the Savior as an offering of thanksgiving as well as for the "edification of mankind in general." Their trusting faith stayed the hand of the destroyer and although many were stricken with the disease, none died. The following year, 1634, saw the fulfillment of their vow and the first performance of the "Great Atoning Sacrifice on Golgotha," as the play was then called. To this day they have kept the pledge of their fathers.

EVERY member of the community looks forward to the season of the Great Play with tense anticipation and many are the preparations, both personal and communal. The play was written by one of them with the help of the scriptures; the music, too, is a home product; in fact, it has been composed twice as the first composition was destroyed by fire in 1817. For costuming and setting they looked to the masters of old for inspiration. God Himself created the background, for the stage is built in the open surrounded by the rustic beauty of the quiet valley. The participants themselves display a sincerity, a devotion and simple eloquence which go far to make the great religious drama a success as it unfolds from the time of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem to the rolling away of the stone and the message of the angel: "He is risen."

Thus with gratitude we turn to the mountaineers of Oberammergau who not only preserved for the world a piece of art almost unchanged from the Middle Ages but in the sweet serenity of their mountain home have nurtured an ideal whose loftiness touches all who come within its sphere.

Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest

ANNOUNCEMENT, 1930

This memorial shall be known as the Eliza Roxey Snow Prize Memorial Poem, and shall be awarded by the Relief Society annually.

Rules of the Contest

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, but only one poem may be submitted by each contestant. Two prizes will be awarded, a first prize consisting of $20, and a second prize consisting of $10.

2. The poem should not exceed fifty lines, and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written, and should be without signature or other identifying marks.

3. Only one side of the paper should be used.

4. Each contestant guarantees the poem submitted to be her original work, that it has never been published, that it is not now in the hands of any editor, or other person, with a view of publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted for publication until the contest is decided.

5. Each poem must be accompanied with a stamped envelope, on which should be written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes should not be used.

6. No member of the General Board, nor persons connected with the office force of the Relief Society, shall be eligible to this contest.

7. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person selected from the English department of a reputable educational institution, and one from among the group of persons who are recognized as writers.

8. The poem must be submitted not later than October 15, 1930.

The prize poems will be published each year in the January issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*. Other poems of merit, not winning special awards, will receive honorable mention; the editors claiming the right to publish any poems submitted, the published poems to be paid for at the regular Magazine rates.

All entries should be sent to Mrs. Mary C. Kimball, Editor, *Relief Society Magazine*, 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, not later than October 15, and statement should accompany them that they are entered in the Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest.

PRESCIENCE

By the late Josephine Spencer

The earth may shiver under shrouded suns,
A red moon lift the sea;
But day or night God's noiseless rivers run
The mills of destiny.

Notes from the Field

A Word of Introduction:

"CHARITY Never Faileth;" so reads the motto of our Relief Society, and we might add that energy, vision, enthusiasm are not lacking in the work of many of our organizations. Interesting reports from stakes in all quarters come into the office—reports of things accomplished, and those in progress during the summer months. These rpeorts indicate how very broad the scope of Relief Society work has become.

North Davis Stake:

FROM North Davis stake we hear the excellent tidings of their clinic work conducted throughout the stake. Summer clinics are held, wherever the ward presidents can arrange for them, in the Relief Society rooms. The Relief Society pays for everything except the doctor's fee. It is most fortunate for the people to have a physician devoted entirely to the care of little children, and whole-hearted in his support of the efforts in their behalf. The clinic is sponsored by the Relief Society, and is held one day in each month. The date and time for the clinic is announced in the ward meetings and in the local paper, and parents are urged to be in attendance. During the year past 595 examinations have been made and treatments prescribed; 1,029 children under 8 years of age are in this stake. A free dental clinic is held one day each week. During the past year there have been 675 fillings in baby teeth, 105 extractions, and 15 children are under treatment for straightening of the teeth. In addition to this a program of lectures and stereopticon views pertaining to the child's health are arranged by Dr. Gleason, and will be given during the summer months to the fathers and mothers in the wards. This in order that parents may become better acquainted with the clinic work, and the fine things that are being accomplished by the doctor and the clinic workers.

In this stake there was something of an innovation in reference to conventions. Instead of holding just one convention for all the stake, it was carried into each ward where the teachers were convened, and an inspirational program conducted. The subjects discussed were: "What Relief Society Teaching Should Mean to the Visited!" "What Relief Society Teaching Should Mean to the Relief Society Teacher." Beautiful music and words of encouragement from the Bishoprics and from the stake workers were features of the occasions. It was felt that in conducting these in the wards, a larger number of the teachers were in attendance than if the gathering had covered a wider field. The Relief Society Ward Conferences for the summer have also been scheduled. The following program has been arranged: The opening exercises under the direction of the Bishopric; music, by the Relief Society; historical sketch of the year's work and greetings by the ward president; financial and statistical report and presenting of officers, by the secretary; the subject, "What the Relief Society Organization Means to Me," discussed by a ward member; "The Responsibility of Membership," discussed by a stake board member; under this responsibility

would be listed: 1. Necessity for Funds; 2. The Annual Dues; 3. Loyalty to the *Magazine;* 4. Attendance at Meetings; "Why Relief Society Work," by the Bishop of the ward. A special program for the summer Relief Society meetings will be arranged in continuation of the literary work. The Society will plan to hold these meetings at the homes of those who are "shut in," or "home bound." During the month of July a review of the book *A Lantern in Her Hand,* will be given. For August *The Man Nobody Knows.* For September *Ramona,* a beautiful story by Helen Hunt Jackson. Altogether the work presented is most gratifying.

Cache Stake:

TO commemorate the 62nd anniversary of the Cache Stake Relief Society, which was organized May 18, 1868, by Apostle Ezra T. Benson, the stake Relief Society board entertained all Relief Society officers, class leaders and visiting teachers. This happy event occurred in the Fourth Ward amusement hall on May 17, 1930, at 2 p. m. A very delightful program consisting of community singing, special musical numbers and a short play called *Soul Mates* were features of the entertainment. The little drama was presented by the winners of the Cache stake M. I. A. contest. The Society felt specially honored in having with them two women, Sister Laura Mickelsen and Sister Mary Ann Tarbet, who were present at the first organization of the Relief Society in the stake. After the social hour and the program was presented, delicious refreshments were served. Those who were fortunate enough to be in attendance, pronounced it an occasion long to be remembered.

Juab Stake:

THE organization of the first Relief Society in the Juab stake was commemorated in a most fitting and impressive celebration held in the Juab Stake Tabernacle on Tuesday, March 18, 1930, at 2 p. m. The Juab stake board, the wards of Nephi and Levan cooperated in observance of the day. The presence of President Louise Y. Robison, of the General Board of Relief Society, added greatly to the success of the occasion. In addition to the regular program, an exhibition of the work accomplished on Work and Business Day was shown. There was also a collection of pioneer relics, including furniture, clothing, dishes, a spinning wheel, carding machine for wool, and rare old volumes of Church books. The program which followed was most inspirational. Of outstanding interest was the remarkable pageant depicting the presidents and the activities of the Relief Society since the beginning; this under the direction of Mrs. Jennie B. Beck. The pictures were shown in pantomime. Mrs. Leeta M. Squire acted as reader.

Scene I. Organization of the Relief Society.

Scene II. First President Emma H. Smith, represented by Mrs. J. Smith.

Scene III. Second President, Eliza R. Snow, represented by Mrs. Elizabeth Boswell.

Scene IV. Third President, Zina D. H. Young, represented by Mrs. Zelnora Ockey.

Scene V. Fourth President, Bathsheba W. Smith, represented by Mrs. Jennie Hobbs.

Scene VI. Fifth President, Emmeline B. Wells, represented by Mrs. Elizabeth Linton.

Scene VII. Sixth President, Clarissa S. Wiliams, represented by Mrs. Janette Ord.

WOMEN WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE JUAB STAKE PAGEANT

Scene VIII. Activities of the Relief Society—Feeding the Hungry, Clothing the Needy, Visiting the Sick.

Scene IX. All former presidents assembled, and President Louise Y. Robison, now the president of the general Relief Society organization.

Another item of interest in this stake is that a course in hygiene and care of the sick has been conducted by a representative of the American Red Cross. This course extended over two months, and 105 women were enrolled; 102 of whom received certificates for a successful completion of the course. It is certainly a matter of congratulation to the stake when so much interest is shown by the women in the educational movements.

Liberty Stake:

LIBERTY stake Relief Society presidency and board members were hostesses at a luncheon given in honor of the presidents, counselors and secretaries of the ward Relief Societies of Liberty stake. The happy event occurred on May 8, 1930, in the Yale Ward amusement hall, and was in the spirit of a spring festival. The centerpiece was a replica of an old time log cabin meeting house. The beautiful hall was decorated with bridal wreath, tulips and spring flowers of every description. The tables were most exquisite. The potted plants formed the favors. There were 70 guests. Among the special guests were Sister Anna Musser, the first president of the Liberty stake Relief Society. She said grace before the delicious luncheon was served. Counselor Julia A. Child, of the General Presidency; Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary; Sister Lotta Paul Baxter, Sister Hazel H. Greenwood, of the General Board; Sister Myrtle Shurtliff, one of the former stake presidents, were in attendance.

Mrs. Claire Stewart Boyer presided as toastmistress, and gave a most clever introduction in verse form to the toasts. In response each ward president gave a very fine statement characteristic of the things outstanding in her ward. After the luncheon was served, a program was given in the hall, composed of musical numbers, poems by Sister Greenwood and Sister Shurtliff. Sister Lotta Paul Baxter offered the closing prayer.

Guide Lessons For October

LESSON 1

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in October)

BOOK OF MORMON: ALMA'S LAST WORDS

This lesson covers the material to be found in Alma, Chapters 37-44, inclusive.

Outline

I. Alma gives the "sacred things" to Helaman.
   1. Admonition to his son Helaman.
   2. The articles delivered to Helaman.
      a. The Brass Plates.
      b. The Small Plates of Nephi.
      c. The Large Plates of Nephi.
      d. The Twenty-four Plates of the Jaredites.
      e. The Interpreters of the Jaredites.
      f. The Liahona.

II. Alma instructs his son Shiblon.
   1. Commendation of him.
   2. Warnings. (See especially 38:14—compare with Luke 18:9-14.)

III. Alma instructs Corianton.
   1. In respect to sin and the attitude toward sin.
   2. In respect to the resurrection.
   3. In respect to the justice of God in "punishment."

IV. Lamanites war against Nephites.
   1. Purpose of each people.
   2. Leaders of each army—how equipped.
   3. The battle and surrender.

Notes

1. It may not be out of place here to repeat in another form what we said as we began our lessons last year. Let us remind ourselves of one point, at least, namely: that the *Book of Mormon* throws light on life today, because it deals with God's point of view concerning the conduct of the human spirit.

Some literature is ephemeral, some permanent. That is to say, some writings have to do only with things of the moment; others, with the eternal struggle of the soul in its effort to reach the higher good.

We heard a noted scholar of the New Testament not long ago say that he had tried to make a lecture of high worth out of the writings of one of the philosophers of the Middle Ages. He could not do so, however, because there was nothing in them that reflected light on anything today. With any of the *Gospels* or the letters of the apostles in the *New Testament* he found it otherwise. Well, the *Book of Mormon* is like the *New Testament* in that it throws light on the affairs of men today.

Human nature has the habit of acting very much the same way in every age. People may live in tents one century, in log houses another, and in palaces in still another; or they may use the foot runner to deliver their messages one period, the steamship in another period, and the wireless in a third—it does not matter, for under the skin they are all the same.

Now, the *Book of Mormon* is full of light on situations that arise in human life in the second quarter of the twentieth century. Some of Alma's teachings to his son serve to show what we mean.

Corianton wants to know how it is that in the year seventy before

that is enlightening today, notwithstanding it was written hundreds of years ago—which shows that it is a book of permanent, rather than temporary, worth.

2. It will be remembered by those who followed the lessons last year that we referred occasionally to matters in the *Book of Mormon* which pointed to its divine origin. One of these we find in the present lesson in the Prophet Alma.

In the admonitions of Alma to his son there are some expressions which, when viewed as those of an elderly, experienced man, are in perfect keeping with that fact, but which, when viewed as the utterance of a young farmer twenty-four years old, are altogether out of character.

The prophet Alma speaks of the records of his nation as having "enlarged the memory of this people." That is charged with too much experience for Joseph Smith at the time he translated the *Book of Mormon*. The phrase we have already quoted from Alma about the value of immortal souls is another to the same effect. Then take this sentence from his instructions to Corianton: "Go no more after the lusts of your eyes, but cross yourself in all these things. * * Oh, remember, and take it upon yourself to cross yourself in these things." That is not only a good thought, but it is by no means a commonplace expression of it—too little common to be the work of an uneducated young man.

"All is as one day with God," is another of Alma's fine phrases. "And time only is measured unto men." There is one more that ties with one to that. The reasons about the "way of the transgressor" being "hard." "Wickedness never was happiness." How did a youth without experience ever come to say a thing like that? Again: "For that which ye do send out shall return

unto you again." That is in the same class of expressions which can come only out of a large experience of life—which Joseph Smith did not have at the time he published the *Book of Mormon.*

Nor is that all. Look at the fine distinctions in doctrine that are to be found in this part of Alma.

"The soul shall be restored to the body, and the body to the soul"—says Alma. Here is advanced the doctrine of a literal resurrection. Where did Joseph Smith get it? Certainly not out of the sects of his day, for they believed that only the spirit survived death, and that in unembodied form. Elsewhere the Nephite prophet declares there are various periods of resurrection. Where did the modern seer get that? Then notice the very subtle distinctions drawn in the forty-first chapter, verses twelve to fifteen. Such a refined distinction could be the result only of a mental disciplin that Joseph Smith did not have a twenty-five years of age.

Questions

1. What "wise purpose" did Al ma have in mind in speaking of th records he was delivering to his so Helaman?

2. Explain what he means i verse six of chapter thirty-seve when he speaks of "small and simpl things."

3. What "small and simpl things" in your own life, in you community, or in your Church ma be said to be pregnant with "gre things?"

4. How many sons of Alma a spoken of here? Was the condu of them all satisfactory to Alma Can you account for Corianton "affair?"

5. What difference does it mak whether a nation keeps a writte record or not?

LESSON 2

Work and Business

TEACHER'S TOPIC FOR OCTOBER

(This topic is to be given at the special teachers' meeting the first week in October)

THE RELIEF SOCIETY

A Great Cause

An opportunity of great magnitude to belong to an organization of 63,000 enrolled members of same faith.

Lesson Work:
- Practical adult education.
- Three courses comparable to college and university courses—Literary, Theology, Social Service.
- Every member an instructor in some way.

Visiting Teaching:
- Training Class.
- Delivers a message to each home.
- Represents the president.
- Must be prepared on topic.

Number of teachers, 20,000.

(a) Collections for charity amount delivered intact.

(b) Work and Business Day.
- Social benefits.
- Opportunity for service.

Social Welfare:

Financial activity—collected du ing 1929:

Charity Funds,	$ 88,896
General Funds.	128,628
Annual Dues,	23,000
Other Receipts,	67,569

Practically every dollar handl by visiting teachers without loss; collected and disbursed locality in which it was gat ered, except one-half amou for general dues.

Distribution of Charity—Metho Bishop, Ward President, Soc Service Aid.

LESSON 3

Literature

(Third Week in October)

THE SHORT STORY: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERARY LESSONS FOR 1930-31

THE lesson material for the short story work is to be found in a one-volume text book, *Great Short Stories of the World by Clark and Lieber.** It is a collection of complete short stories, chosen from the literature of all periods, and from thirty-odd countries. If necessary, class leaders will find in the book sufficient material for conducting the year's work, but from time to time there will be published in this section titles of other collections, biographical material, and books on the study of the short story.

Some of the class leaders' favorite authors may not be included. Other teachers may wish that a different story had been selected. In these cases the instructors may decide to use material outside the text. It would also be well for the teachers to keep in mind the fact that in their classes will be representatives from many nations—Great Britain, France, Norway, Germany, Holland, etc. As the lesson work progresses each sister-student will have an opportunity to know more of her literary heritage. She will learn to know the early story tellers of her race—how these artists used the material found in their particular environment, and how the story telling needs of her native country have changed in succeeding centuries.

Just as a person cannot come to an appreciation of poetry without much intimate contact with the poems themselves, so she cannot have an understanding and feeling for the art of short stories without actually reading or hearing them. Many of the stories should be read in class by the most fluent readers the Society can produce. But this alone will not be sufficient. The instructors should urge that the members read as widely as possible in the text and in other collections, and whenever possible in the better type of contemporary magazines. In this way the class members will form new standards of judgment, and they will have an added delight and appreciation for the short story writers of our day.

At the present time the term "short story" has a fairly definite meaning. It is an individual in prose as a lyric or epic poem in poetry, and writers of modern short stories study certain technique and conform to certain standards. There have been numerous volumes written to explain the changes in the "short story" and to differentiate it from the story that is merely short. In *Great Short Stories of the World* the authors have used none of these theories as the one basis of material selection. Instead, the collection presents a wide variety of stories which the authors believe will appeal to the general reader. The essential purpose of all stories is to entertain, and it will be interesting to note the similarity and the changes in the material and technique of the stories, say, since the days of the ancient Chinese and today, when a person buys his short story maga-

*D. C. Heath and Company, 182 Second Street, San Francisco, $2.88 postage prepaid.

zines as methodically as he meets his monthly bills.

However, for the purpose of understanding the art of present-day short stories, which had their development in America and France during the nineteenth century, and which in 1930 have spread to every writing country, the qualities of the short story will be considered.

One student has defined the short story as "a small piece of segment of the life of its characters viewed by itself, away from what has gone before and what comes after." This segment should have the following traits:

1. The narrative should be short enough to be read easily at one sitting.

2. It must be written so as to produce a single impression on the mind of the reader. In order to accomplish this the story must be pitched in one emotional key, and at every stage the action must add to the development of the basic idea. Humor and pathos may be mingled, but they must produce the same effect in the end. Everything that does not tend to produce the single impression must be excluded.

3. The story must be complete and final in itself.

4. No matter how impossible the plot may be, the story must have every indication of reality.

That, in brief, defines the short story. Still, there are many qualities a short story must have in order to be a good one. One of the major requirements is that in some way the writer must make the story so close to life that the reader is drawn into its enchantment. For the time being he must live as if he were a participant in the event.

Naturally, too, there must be a combination of plot and character, for without action there can be no story. The plot, itself, is often simple, and the best story has an underlying idea—not necessarily a moral one—which can be expressed in a single sentence.* As an illustration, Daudet's story of the "Last Lesson" has for its theme a phase of French patriotism.

It is common for the short story to emphasize one of three or four points—character, action, setting, or theme. Some stories may stress two, and occasionally a rare story is found where all of the points seem to have an almost equal prominence. And the story is best that deals with few characters, two or three perhaps, and seldom over five. It may be told in the main by one of two ways, subjectively, where the author reveals the motives and mental currents of the character or characters as in Anderson's "Sophistication," or objectively, where he discloses what the characters think by quoting their speech and action. Verga follows this method of presentation in his story "Cavalleria Rusticana." Both methods are closely interrelated. No matter which one is dominant, it is best for the story to be told from the point of view of one person. Where several persons' points of view are presented, the reader becomes confused and loses his unity of impression and emotion.

There must be distinction in phrase, epithet, sentence, structure and diction. And there must be originality of thought, and if possible a touch of fantasy. All of these tend to make up that rather undefinable thing known as style. Today's writer also stresses that the style must be direct and vigorous however subtle it may be in suggestion.

Almost every decade sees some variation of these characteristics, ye

*Great Short Stories of the World.

in the essentials the short story remains the same.

For the convenience of the class leaders some suggestive problems suitable for the course are included in this Introduction.

1. *Theme of story.* What is it; does it have an original slant, and how is it handled?

2. *Beginning of story.* This is highly important and is the most difficult for the writer. How has he handled the problem? Is your interest caught from the first word? (In a short story the writer can spend only a few words or a sentence in the introduction. The action must start from almost the first word.) How has he managed to start his action and dialogue with reference to exposition and description? Is his arrangement suitable to his particular story?

3. *Point of View.* How told—impersonally or by one of the characters? What advantages or disadvantages comes to the author from his method of telling? Does the point of view shift at any time during the story?

4. *Ending.* Does the story end at the exact point or does it fade into an anti-climax? Is the ending effective, or should it come earlier? Does the ending satisfy? If there is a surprise ending, has adequate preparation been made for it?

5. *Plot.* Is the plot too obvious or is it hidden? What use is made of dramatic forecast and clues? If the time covered is long, have the high spots of the action been touched? Is the major climax heightened by a series of minor ones? Have someone state the plot as briefly as possible.

6. *Style.* Is the style suitable to the material and emotional tone of the story? Does the style add any charm of its own? Is the dialogue natural? If the story is told in the first person, does the teller express himself as such a person would in actual life Does the author have a characteristic style which would make it possible for a reader to identify other of his stories? If this is true, explain why.

If time permits it would be well to close this introductory lesson by the class leader reading a short sory. It should be a brief one, exemplifying the best qualities of a short story. One of Poe's, O'Henry's, Maupassant's, or Daudet's "The Last Lesson," found in the text will be suitable. Maupassant's "The Necklace" is also a suitable one, provided the members are not already very familiar with it.

Books about the short story which will be helpful to the class leaders.

The Short Story in English, by H. S. Canby.

The Story Teller's Art, by Charity Dye.

The Philosophy of the Short Story, by Brander Matthews.

Short Story Writing, by Walter B. Pitkin.

Writing the Short Story, by Esenwein.

The Short Story, Its Principles and Structure, by Albright.

The Development of the American Short Story, by Pattee.

The child must have three more births after its physical birth, each more painful than the first. It must be born into a world of self realization, into the life of the social group, and into a world of ideal values.—*Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck.*

LESSON 4

Social Service

(Fourth Week in October)

PERSONALITY STUDY: UNDERSTANDING AND CONTROLLING HUMAN BEHAVIOR

Introduction to Social Service Lessons, 1930-31

In the class work in social service for this season there is to be a series of nine lessons based upon the adopted text and the material presented in this department of the *Relief Society Magazine.* The text is Overstreet's *Influencing Human Behavior,* which may be purchased at a very reasonable price.* The committee in charge of this work in each ward or branch should make an effort to place individual copies of the text in the hands of as many members of their organization as possible, as this one thing alone will do much to insure the success of the course and help in the personal growth of each member. Books containing valuable supplementary material, listed in the order of their avaliability and helpfulness in this course are the following:

Poulson, M. W.—*Human Nature in Religious Education.*

West, P. V. and Skinner, C. E.—*Psychology for Religious and Social Workers.*

Jastrow, J.—*Keeping Mentally Fit.*

Bagby, E.—*The Psychology of Personality.*

What shall we say is the keynote of this course of lessons? In his preface the author of our text says:

"Nowadays children are persons; and the task of parents is to be real persons themselves to such an extent that their children accept them as of convincing power in their lives."

And then he asks by way of further focusing of attention on our task:

"How, in short, can we actually change individuals—ourselves as well as others—into personalities more apt for our human enterprise?"

Dean H. M. Woodward has recently given what to the writer is even a more challenging statement of the same general problem. He says:

"There is no greater job and no more profitable undertaking than the improvement of our own lives. We cannot dream ourselves into a great life. We must simply take ourselves in hand where we are and with patience and determination overcome those weaknesses which hold us back."

A tentative outline of the lessons of the course is as follows:

1. Understanding and Controlling Human Behavior (See text, pp. 1-27).
2. The Psychology of Persuasion (pp. 28-70).
3. The Psychology of Conversation, Writing and Public Speaking (pp. 71-109).
4. Making Ideas Stick (pp. 110-139).
5. How to Change Persons (pp. 143-168).
6. Habits and Growth (pp. 169-183, 209-216).

*Address inquiries to General Secretary Julia A. F. Lund, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

7. Thinking Straight (pp. 184-200).

8. The Creative Mind (pp. 217-255).

9. Effectiveness of Humor (pp. 256-277).

Throughout these lessons the common interest of our particular group in "understanding and improving social conditions" will be kept in mind. Those phases of psychology that are mainly abstract and of mere theoretical interest will be omitted. It will be recognized, however, that very many discerning mothers who have had little or no training in academic psychology are nevertheless rather good "practical psychologists" in the sense that they already have considerable valuable knowledge and experience in understanding and controling the behavior, especially of children. The reading suggested in connection with each lesson should be regarded not as a task but as an important means to aid in the accomplishment of our main purpose, i. e., the enhancement of our personalities so that we may "become skilled artists in the enterprise of life."

How shall we mark our personal copies of the text so as to record our personal reactions to the material and make them more serviceable as aids in our class discussions? The writer knows of no better device than the conservative and judicious marking of the books and magazines that we ourselves own by means of vertical lines in the outside margins. These lines may be single, double, or treble for different degrees of emphasis and should, perhaps, not be placed nearer than one-eighth of an inch to the edge of the printing. The common practice of extensive underlining tends to literally blot out important parts and does not make possible the indication of different degrees of importance. Parts on which you feel the need of help from others in understanding or on which you would express disagreement might well be indicated by small question marks in the margin. Some of these may later be neatly erased when they have served their purpose.

Read carefully the first twenty-seven pages of the text and if possible exchange ideas on some of the points there considered before the class discussion is held.

Supplementary References

Poulson—*Human Nature* (pp. 1-5, 14-19, 48-49, 55-56). (This book was used in the Teacher Training Course during 1927-28 and used copies are probably still to be found in most wards of the Church. An effort might well be made to locate some of these copies.)

Problems for Discussion

1. In the author's *Foreword* and *Preface* locate several slightly different statements of what constitutes the "major art of life" or the "central problem" of the proposed course. Head these and comment briefly on each.

2. Comment on the first paragraph on page four of our main text.

3. What does the phrase "salvaging of human life" suggest to you? To what extent do our own lives need salvaging?

4. The book begins with a consideration of some of the commonly neglected simple methods of influencing human behavior. Which of those mentioned in the first chapter do you think are most commonly effective? Most commonly neglected?

5. Give one or two original illus-

trations to bring home the truth of the statement that "we influence very largely *in ways far more subtle* than we suspect." (See p. 15.)

6. The first half of page sixteen suggests the following quotation from Swift:

"Be sure that the home is a peaceful place except for the joyous activity of children. Never call from one room to another. Never raise your voice above a tone that indicates composure."

Is it a fact that in our homes we use the most "wretched techniques" for influencing human behavior? Suggest some needed improvements in this connection.

7. Compare opinions as to the most helpful suggestion obtained from this lesson to increase the efficiency of social workers or visiting teachers in the Relief Society.

God's Idea

By Samuel G. Clawson

When God made birds and flowers and trees
To decorate this homely world,
He looked and said, "I'm not quite pleased
With all the beauty I've unfurled;
There's something lacking in my plan,
This pleases neither God nor man."

He thought and thought and wracked his brain
For something which would add the art
Of magic to terrestrial plane,
Where beauty dwelt without a heart.
And then he looked down from above
And said, "The world's in need of love."

"I'll make a creature which will lend
A loveliness to this great sphere
Who will be more than just a friend,
She'll teach them love throughout the year."
And to the world he gave another
Wondrous gift; we call it "Mother."

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